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THE SKETCH, FEBRUARY 26, 1941

The Sketch

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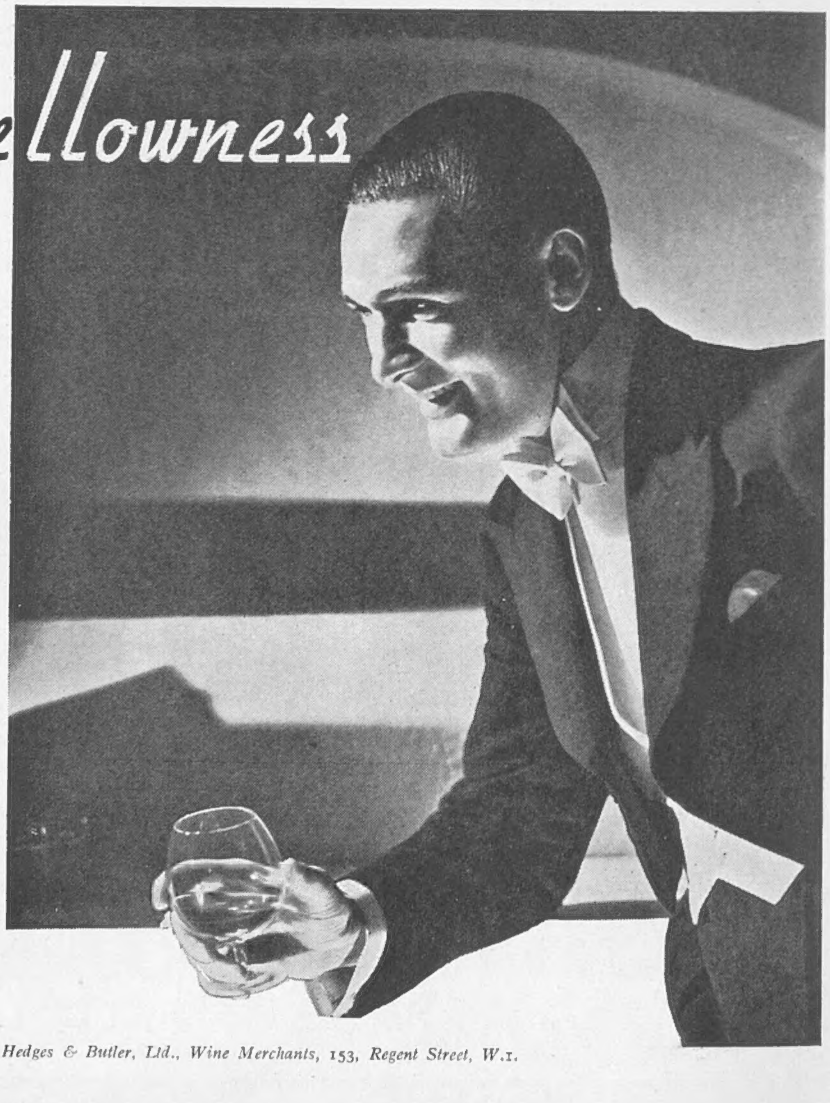

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The Sketch

No. 2509 — Vol. CXCIII. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1941. ONE SHILLING.

MOTHER CAN DO IT TOO!

Here's a very amusing family group showing LADY DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON *and her son,* HUGH DIARMID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, *at home. The baby clutches his toes as infants of his age always do, and his mother, formerly Prunella Stack, the keep-fit girl, is showing him that she can do it too—and rather better than he can! Lord David Douglas-Hamilton is the youngest brother of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, and married Miss Stack in 1938. He is a pilot officer in the R.A.F.V.R.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Bearded Like the Pard. There seems to be a good deal of popular interest in beards nowadays; in fact, it is not too much to say that we are living in a beard-wave. An Italian General, named, at a rough guess, Gorgonzola—or words to that effect—has been a great hit not only with his own countrymen, but with all readers of newspapers and communiqués, owing to his possession of an electrical beard. I don't quite know what an electro-magnetic beard is or how it behaves, but I presume that, in his more martial moods, the General's whiskers crackle in a disconcerting manner, as some heads of hair will crackle when brushed, and some cats will emit sparks when stroked. Each individual hair, I presume, stands up like quills upon a super-charged, and therefore excusably fretful, porpentine. Then I notice also that in South Africa a number of young politicians, of pro-Nazi sympathies, have been sprouting zarebas to indicate the sincerity of their convictions. I should have thought that toothbrush moustaches would have been more appropriate symbols than patriarchal thickets, but *de barbis*, I suppose, *non est disputandum.* I never could admire the style adopted by the late President Kruger, but it is evidently regarded by some as an inspiring example.

More Chinned Against than Chinning. There has also been a tendency among our more advanced Intellectuals—would it be unfair to call them our *very* Minor Prophets?—to cultivate herbaceous borders, not invariably (unless I am prejudiced, which is always possible) of conspicuous æsthetic charm. I gather that this is intended as a demonstration of virility, and I infer that some of our Finer Minds consider some such tangible demonstration highly necessary. I am not disposed to disagree. But when I learn from novelists that this hirsute exhibition is intended to make an impression on the opposite sex, I wonder whether these artificial Juans are not miscalculating a little either about he-manhood or she-womanhood. I may be wrong, but I have never yet met a woman who was a great admirer of beards; but then, of course, *I* may have miscalculated.

Flying in the Face of Nature. I state without fear of contradiction that nature intended us all to have beards. I claim no copyright in the remark, but the more you reflect on it, the more profoundly true you will find it to be. This business of perpetually scraping our faces is, of course, an absurdity. But then nature also intended us to have hair down our backs, and, ever since the unfortunate affair of Samson, we have never dared to risk it. *He* had electric hair, too, and then a girl-friend went and switched the current off when he wasn't looking. Apart from questions of virility, S.A. and irresistible charm—about which I keep an open mind—the only justification for a beaver that I can see is that it saves trouble. But that is just what it doesn't. A beard requires a considerable amount of upkeep and constantly has to be taken to the barber, unless it is allowed to become a jungle. Heaven knows what anxious pains it must have cost General Gorgonzola to keep his whiskers up to their full voltage. And so, braving the contempt of the opposite sex, and in spite of all this movement for Bigger and Better Beards, I propose to remain, though not without repining, a slave of the razor—always assuming that I can get the blades!

"*I think Alvar Lidell always gives us much better news than the others.*"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

"*Do the raids affect your set?*"
"*You bet—one blew it into the garden!*"

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

The Courteous Cop. If whiskers are so manly and heart-conquering, how is it that our soldiers not merely do not wear them, but are not allowed to wear them? A bearded private confronting a Guards Sergeant is a picture at which the imagination reels—only the pen of Mr. Bateman could do it justice. True, it is otherwise in the Navy, but then—well, have you ever tried shaving on a destroyer in a rough sea? Neither have I; let 's not try, shall we? And what about the police? Have you ever seen, or can you imagine without coming all over queer, a policeman with a flowing beard? But has anybody—I wouldn't be in his shoes, if any such there be!—ever accused the constabulary of being deficient in manly qualities? What was it that the Prime Minister himself said of them the other day—or, rather, quoted about them with enthusiastic approval? "And what gentlemen they are!" Everybody but the criminal classes will agree, and even the criminal classes frequently observe certain politenesses of warfare. The gentility of our police is the wonder of the world. Why, a traffic cop remonstrating with a woman driver about "due care and caution" is enough to bring tears to the eyes! The influence of Hendon, did you remark? No more of that Old School Tie stuff—it will get you up before the Bar of the House, or imprisoned for duration under Regulation 18B! The Courteous Cop was known long before Hendon. W. S. Gilbert sang of him fifty years ago in his ballad of Policeman Peter. He was sired long ago by Common Sense out of Good Humour.

Bran Pie. You will not find a great many beards among our statesmen; and have *they* ever been accused either of lack of virility or of charm? There was a time when any photograph of a Cabinet or group of politicians displayed an almost bewildering variety of facial overgrowth and undergrowth. Indeed, sometimes the faces could hardly be distinguished at all, which may or may not have been a loss to posterity. At the present time I cannot recall a single luxuriant whisker among our leaders—it is as much as you can do to find a verandahed upper lip. But I may easily be wrong, and I fully expect to get letters from indignant readers pointing out that the Assistant Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Ministry for Passing the Buck has a beard which reaches to his fourth waistcoat button. I apologise in advance, because, to tell the truth, I have long since ceased to attempt to remember the names of Ministers, Semi-Ministers and Demi-Semi-Ministers. They seem to me to change with the effect, doubtless charming,

but a trifle bewildering, of a rapidly revolving kaleidoscope. The versatility with which they can turn their talents to any branch of government astounds me. It has been said ere now: "Thank God we've got a Navy!" Would it be fair to say: "Thank God we've got a Civil Service!"? Well—er, hm, hm!—on the whole, yes: not absolutely *always*!

Debit and Credit. There is one Minister, however, whose name I could, for a bet, tell you without a moment's hesitation. If you said to me: "Who is Chancellor of the Exchequer? Quick!" I would reply, in a flash, "Sir Kingsley Wood." The name somehow imprints itself on the memory. Well, he has the sympathy of us all—it is the only thing he gets from us which is not taxed at the source. A thankless job, his; but he *does* become a little sinister and gloom-making when he does that stuff about "further sacrifices." They tell me that when he strikes that note, you can hear a pin drop in the House—and not only pins; there are heavy thuds of swooning Members, who have to be carried away in heaps by the Serjeant-at-Arms. The lobbies, I am told, are like casualty wards after a *Blitz*. Well, Sir Kingsley has one remarkable feat to his credit. There may be slumps in other industries, but the most noticeable slump of all is in—bankruptcy! That industry, so prosperous in peacetime, is reduced by four-fifths, and Carey Street is now a Distressed Area. Are we to attribute this phenomenon to universal solvency? I fear there are other causes. The way of the creditor is hard nowadays. But while legitimate bankruptcy declines, there are a number of persons, with queer foreign names, who seem to be filing their petitions rather frequently—and rather advantageously. Ah me! I wish that in this great free lodging-house of England I loved some of our lodgers more than I do; but the more I see of them, the less my heart burns with brotherly love for them.

"It isn't me you salute, my man. It's the uniform."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

The Other Winstons. To return to the subject of beards—these confounded things seem to obsess me!—it is a good thing that the Prime Minister does not favour this form of decoration. He would be even easier to impersonate than he is—at least, so I gather; the papers are full of Mr. Churchill's "doubles." I have even seen one of them, and I must confess that the resemblance is striking. The unfortunate man in question spends half his life refusing autographs. However, if you are at any time in doubt between the real and the pseudo Winston, there is one infallible test. Ask him to pronounce the word "Nazi." There is only one Winstonian "Naaazi (grrr!)" in the world. I don't think, somehow, that it can sound very musical in Herr Hitler's ears. It is apt to produce a certain effect of static, as of a distant thunderstorm, even on the wireless. It must even give a bit of a jar to the Deucie!

The Voracious Vegetarian. Reverting—I'm sorry, but I must really ask you to keep to the point—to the subject of beards, I wonder if vegetarians run to them? I rather think so. There is a natural temptation, I suppose, to show that a raisin-nibbler is as good a man as a flesh-gobbler when it comes to the outward *indicia* of manhood. Anyhow, vegetarians are making rather a fuss nowadays, on the ground that they can't get one-and-twopenceworth of split peas in lieu of their one-and-twopenceworth of butcher's meat. That does seem a bit hard on them, I admit, especially as the morbid craving for lentils and peanuts must be a terrible demon, like the craving for rum or heroin, when it gets hold of you. But I don't know that the vegetarians have so much to complain of. They seem to think it a hardship that they can't get enough grape-fruit and cheese and eggs. Well, *I'd* like more grape-fruit and cheese and eggs, too, but I don't know of any sufficient case for giving me an extra ration of them. As a matter of fact, we are all becoming vegetarians to a great extent, and we can do with less luxurious foods than grape-fruit. There is, for example, a substance known as rice; it's amazing what you can do with it if you know how. I see in the present situation a great chance for vegetarians. If they don't want one-and-twopenceworth of meat, there are plenty who will be glad of their ration-cards. I say no more, but it is just a Thought for To-day which I should like to leave with all public-spirited vegetarians. May I also mention that communications addressed to me c/o *The Sketch* will be forwarded. At least, I hope so. Now I come to think of it, it might be well not to mention on the envelope that it contains ration-cards. There are some fellows with hearty appetites in the office. . . .

The Terrible Infant. In case I have not mentioned it before, I want to rivet your attention on the subject of beards. This time, false beards. These are known to be a danger. Men put them on when they are setting about dark deeds. And now, I am sorry to observe, even boys are doing the same. The problem of the Young Gangster or Boy Terror is becoming serious. I read one case the other day of a boy whose series of crimes of violence was really hair-raising. The Juvenile Delinquent is, unhappily, always with us, but in the disturbed conditions of this topsy-turvy war he multiplies alarmingly. I don't know that enough is being done to cope with this problem, which is of immense importance to the future of the nation. There are thousands of youngsters running wild. They would be easy recruits for any turbulent movement, if we had a period of social crisis. They are not necessarily bad youngsters, but without the discipline either of home or of school, they will soon degenerate. This seems to be a case for a determined organisation and an energetic policy.

All Hops Abandon. I cannot find any very obvious connection between beards and beer, and had better content myself with saying that there isn't any—except that if I were a beer-drinker, I should prefer to address my pint without any intervening obstacle. However, it cannot be denied that there have been men who have found apostolic beards no obstacle at all to beer-absorption. I am afraid that, beard or no beard, their beverage is soon going to lose body. The Land of Hope and Glory may grow mightier and mightier, but its beer grows thinner and thinner. American hops are not being imported, and there are not enough English hops to supply the deficiency. How glad I am that the hop has never claimed me as one of its devotees, and that I can therefore face this dilution with fortitude which I hope will be an example to all.

Paradise. I read the other day of a man who had been for the last two and a-half years in the Arctic, and had only just managed to "get back to civilisation." Curious fellow! Why on earth didn't he stay where he was well-off? There were only a few wolves up there, and blubber was absolutely unrationed!

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.

MY DEAR ROBERT—*Les Girls* arrived on Wednesday. They were preceded by another Form, a sort of poultry ration-book, which was even more difficult to fill in than the first one. I took it straight to Mrs. Savernack, who wrote down all the answers without any hesitation, and then and there, just in case we were weakening, telephoned to the chicken farm to say we were ready for the pullets whenever they liked to send them.

It was a pity that *Les Girls* arrived just as Charles was coming in to lunch. Knowing his phobia about birds, we had hoped to smuggle them into the hen-run without his knowledge. It was still more unfortunate that two of them escaped from their box just as I was trying to lift them out, and flapped, squawking, against his legs.

"Take them away!" screamed Charles, beating at them with his hat.

"'*Take them away!' screamed Charles.*"

Les two *Girls* fled into the road and narrowly escaped being run over by a passing lorry. The Lodger, who kept her head pretty well, thrust the two she was holding into my arms and went after them.

The two in my arms looked at me with cold, yellow eyes. "I hope you'll be happy with us," I said politely, "and lay lots of nice eggs."

One of them shot her head forward and pecked my thumb. I yelled, and dropped them both.

"'Ere, what be doing?" shouted the hen-man, who was just fishing the fifth and last Girl out of the back of the car. "'Ere yu be, Sir," he said, and held it by the legs towards Charles, who turned white and bolted for the house.

At last all *Les Girls* were collected and deposited safely in their run, where they walked slowly about.

We had already quarrelled with the gardener about a site for the hen-run; Matins and Evensong were in the middle of an even more bitter quarrel, conducted by means of notes left on the dresser, about whether *Les Girls'* food was to be given to them hot or cold; and Charles, still shaken by his horrid experience at the gate, was decidedly snappy all through lunch. It seemed as though *Les Girls* had not yet begun to bring sunshine into our lives.

To make things worse, as soon as lunch was over the Lodger and I began a fierce argument about when *Les Girls* ought to have their breakfast. At last I said: "Look here, we've been friends for more than twenty years. Don't let's start quarrelling about hens." The Lodger slipped her arm through mine and we went down the garden to look at *Les Girls*, who were still prowling round with a high-stepping gait and making complaining noises.

The Lodger opened the little trap-door which led into the hen-house. "This is the bedroom," she said, rather like the manageress of an hotel.

"And look at these dear little boxes," I said, "full of lovely straw."

Les Girls ignored us. "I suppose we shall get fond of them in time," said the Lodger doubtfully.

"Think of collecting lovely clean white eggs every morning," I said.

"They aren't always clean," said the Lodger.

"I suppose not."

"Sometimes hens get a disease called the Gapes," she went on, determined to look on the gloomy side.

The next morning it was snowing hard, and the Lodger and I, determined to save each other trouble, both got up to call *Les Girls*. I met her slithering up the garden path in the dim light of dawn.

"I think they're dead," she said, and I thought I detected a note of relief in her voice.

We went back to the hen-house and I shone my torch through the door. Five malevolent yellow eyes glared sideways at us. "They're not dead," I said, and the Lodger sighed.

At breakfast, the first thing I saw when I opened my paper was a heading, "SAILORS' LIVES RISKED TO BRING FOOD TO HENS." "Millions of back-yard poultry-keepers shown up by rationing of poultry food-stuffs," I read.

I rushed upstairs to the Lodger. "I thought they *wanted* us to keep hens," I said.

The Lodger read the paragraph through carefully to the end. "Keeping hens is now apparently quite the most unpatriotic thing you can do," she said, with a happy smile.

Les Girls returned to their old home that afternoon, with the loss of one shilling per bird for carriage and general wear and tear. We haven't decided what to do with the hen-house yet. Charles thinks it would be rather nice to keep rabbits.

"'*They're not dead,' I said.*"

Lady B. came to tea this afternoon and brought her knitting. "How do you feel about the Invasion?" I said to her.

"Calm," said Lady B. "How do you?"

"Calm too," I said, "and nobody could be more surprised, because as a rule I am terrified of practically everything."

"I think we are being Given Strength," said Lady B. "Like when people are going to have babies, and everybody goes about with white, drawn faces except the Expectant Mother, who is perfectly calm, because she *knows* everything is going to be all right. It is Nature's Way."

"Great Britain as an expectant mother is quite a new one," I said.

"And America is the Expectant Grandmother, worrying like mad because she is afraid it is all going to be too much for us," said Lady B.

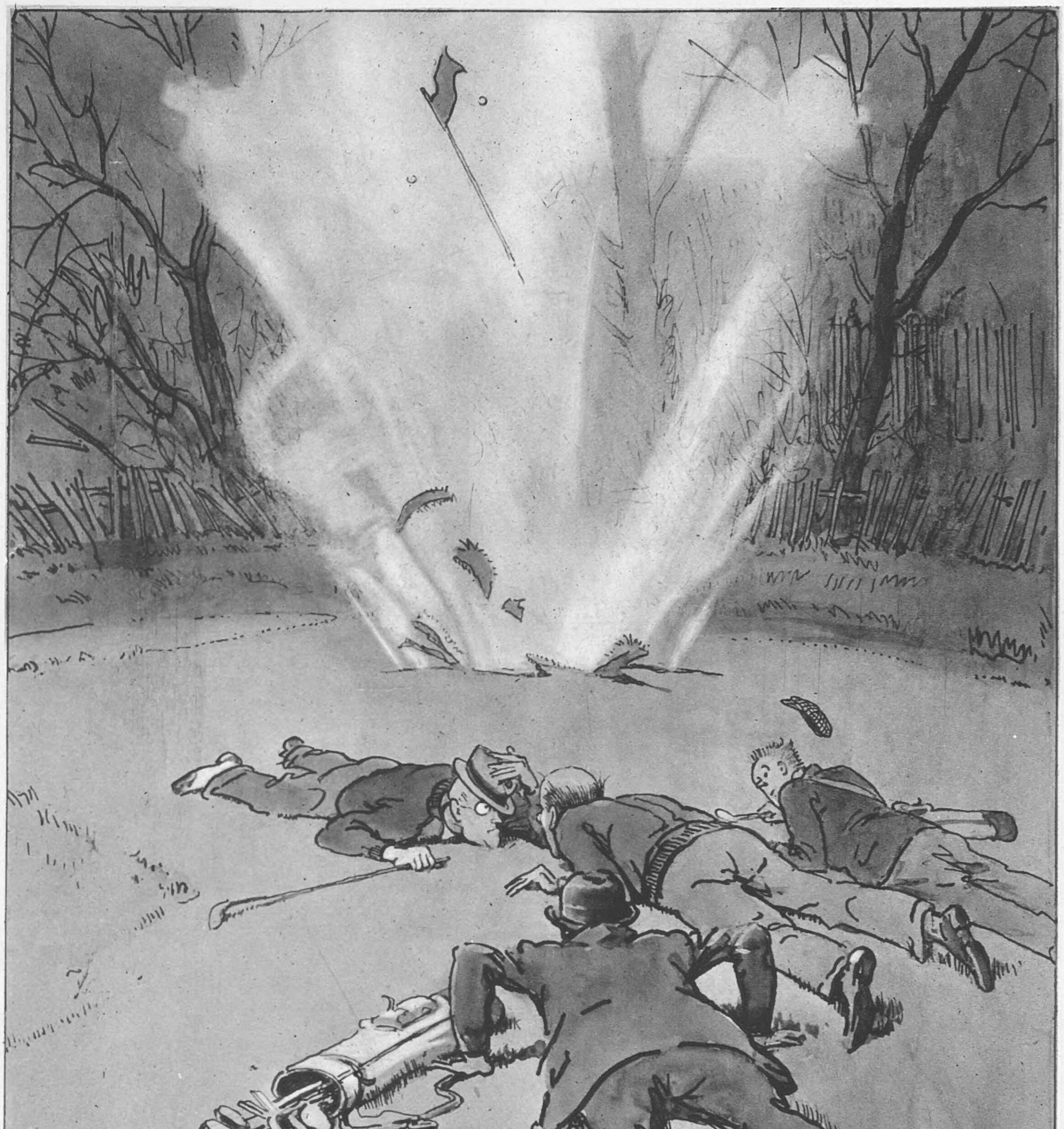
"And Mr. Churchill is the Nurse, very calm and confident, and saying, 'You'll be worse before you're better.'"

I wonder the cartoonists haven't thought of it before now, don't you, Robert?

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

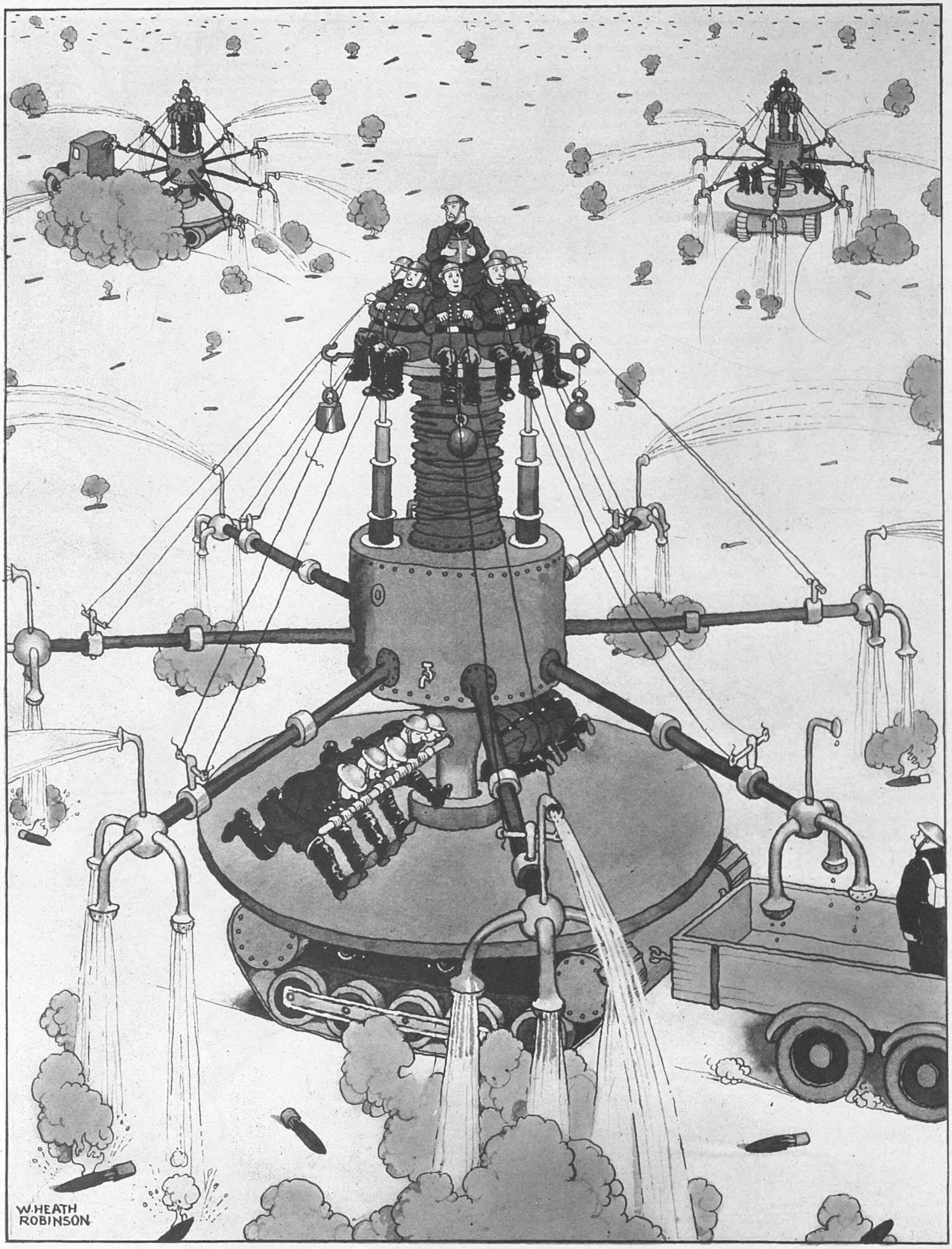
HENRIETTA.

"*Sailors' lives risked to bring food to hens.*"



ENGLAND "GOES TO IT." "Let's call it a half!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



FIRE-FIGHTING ON THE GRAND SCALE.

Fire-watching, and fire-fighting plans are important affairs in the life of the community to-day, so this new and most important invention just perfected by W. Heath Robinson will have a great reception. It is known as the All-ways-at-once Incendiary Extinguisher and is as effective as it is dramatic.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. B. BARKER.

WEDDING SMILES—
CAPTAIN AND LADY IRIS O'MALLEY.

The marriage of LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN, *only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, to* CAPTAIN HAMILTON O'MALLEY, *Irish Guards, eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. Middleton O'Malley-Keyes, of Ross House, Westport, Ireland, and of Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, Castel Meretmont, Biarritz, took place quietly at St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church, Hayward's Heath. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore an ensemble of powder-blue wool trimmed with silver fox, and a small powder-blue feather hat. Princess Beatrice, grandmother of Lady Iris, is the only surviving daughter of Queen Victoria.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

Although you may have your own private opinions about the sanity of many of the heroines you see on the screen, you will agree, I think, that it 's a long time since we saw a beautiful girl go really mad, quite ha-ha-ha loony, in pictures. Such, however, is the edifying spectacle that little Ida Lupino presents us with in " THE ROAD TO 'FRISCO " (Warner), and it is startling and impressive, I can tell you.

Miss Lupino's trouble is that she has murdered her husband, a big-shot truck magnate, by shutting him up in a garage with the doors closed and the engine running. She did this because she loved his employee, Mr. George Raft, a sleek-haired but honest truck-driver. But Mr. Raft is incorruptible, being already engaged to a waitress (Miss Ann Sheridan), and Miss Lupino worries about that murder, and loses her nerve, and goes to jail, and walks through another door that shuts just like the garage one, and goes out of her mind, and makes her appearance in court, by now conscience-stricken and quite, quite barmy.

The rumour goes that Miss Lupino insisted on doing this mad scene all alone on the set, with company barred, and I must say I don't blame her. It is violently done, a kind of intensification of the hysteria she worked up as the street-girl in " The Light that Failed," and Duse herself, I suspect, would not have cared to try it in front of an audience of visiting gossip-writers, society hangers-on, and a couple of dozen gum-chewing technicians. At all events, Miss Lupino comes out of the ordeal with credit. Her rival in the film, Miss Sheridan, would need more than oomph to stand up to this sort of acting competition. You may not like the mad scene, but you can't forget it. Miss Lupino, at last, can draw her pay-check with a comfortable sense of duty done.

" The Long Voyage Home " (Gaumont, Haymarket) is a Eugene O'Neill story, with John Ford directing. Ole Olsen (JOHN WAYNE), *captain of the " Glencairn," a British tramp loaded with ammunition, has anchored off a Caribbean island.* CARMEN MORALES *is one of the bumboat girls who have brought on board a load of fruit and smuggled plenty of rum with it.*

A terrific storm hits the " Glencairn " on the second day out for England. Yank (WARD BOND) *is hurled the length of the ship, and lies dying in his bunk on the right. The rest of the crew are Cocky* (BARRY FITZGERALD) *; Ole Olsen, captain* (JOHN WAYNE) *; and Driscoll* (THOMAS MITCHELL).

It is probably just as well for " The Road to 'Frisco " that Miss Lupino is there to put such spice into the second half of the picture. For the film has a curious quality, a quality I seldom remember so marked in any other production. It falls neatly into two halves, and the first half has practically nothing to do with the second. It is also, except for Miss Lupino's private *tour de force*, better, tougher, and more convincing. The first half is almost a documentary study of American truck-drivers, those hard Jehus who spend their nights carrying fruit and vegetables to the city markets. The original title, " They Drive by Night," gives the real sense of this part of the picture. It is a cross-section of life, unsentimentally done, with stirring shots of the roads by night, the big wheels scorching up the miles, and tired men exchanging laconic talk in a lunch-wagon, fighting to keep off the sleep that may mean death in the dark to any of them.

" The Road to 'Frisco " is not a refined picture. It is tough and muscular, with language that is not for the mealy-mouthed, or the mealy-eared, for that matter. " THIRD FINGER, LEFT HAND " (Empire) is a much better film for the *jeunes filles*, or perhaps we should say for the *veilles dames*, in these days of enlightenment. " Third Finger, Left Hand " concerns, as its title suggests, the marriage problem, but it is ever so lightly done, with a chaste, if gay, propriety. The heroine, Margot Sherwood (Myrna Loy), is the editor of a *de luxe* magazine, with a home on Riverside Drive and an equal belief in woman's rights and woman's essential modesty.

As a protection in her job, she invents a husband. That is, before she meets and falls in love with artist Jeff (Melvyn Douglas), a painter from the big world outside New York City. Jeff has all the qualities, except stupidity, that make for a successful blackmailer. He believes in making use of what he finds. Delving into his Margot's chaste past, he learns her secret, and light-heartedly turns up at Riverside Drive as the fictitious husband. A too-trusting family welcome him in. A too-suspicious Margot locks him out. An ingenious lawyer friend suggests a discreet marriage and a cosy, satisfying divorce. The marriage takes place at Niagara Falls. The divorce, naturally, never happens.

Matrimony of a very different sort is the theme of " THE MAN I MARRIED " (New Gallery). The original title of the piece was " I Married a Nazi," which gives you a much clearer idea of the film's painful implications. The story is simple and, I think, quite credible, all things considered. A young American girl (Joan Bennett), married to an Americanised German (Francis Lederer), decides to spend a holiday in the Sudetenland with their little son. (The time, of course, is a year or so before the present conflict.)

Once in German territory, the husband reverts to type. He gets caught up in the Nazi fever, and falls in love with a fanatical party member (blonde Anna Sten, no other). The wife, meanwhile, has struck up a friendship with an American newspaper man (Lloyd Nolan), who helps a friend out of a concentration camp when the husband has refused to take responsibility. The rift between the two widens. They agree to divorce. But the husband wants to keep the child with him in Germany, to be brought up as a good Nazi. Only an unexpected twist in the plot—which it wouldn't be fair to tell—disappoints him. The wife and child sail back to America, and there is a hint of eventual happiness with the democratic reporter.

An enemy 'plane attacks the ship as she approaches England, raking the decks with machine-gun fire, and the men throw themselves down. The rest of the story deals with the after-the-voyage life of the seamen, and is full of thrills and authenticity. The film has been very well received in America, and is in the running for the 1940 Academy Award.

The film is, of course, strong propaganda, but quietly done, with a generally casual style and a marked freedom from sensationalism. Where it fails, I think, is in the straight-from-the-shoulder talks given to the audience by the American reporter, who is obviously a good-hearted fellow, and may be a philosopher, but is more than somewhat of a bore, just between you and me.

ALL-STAR RODEO FOR THE SEAVACUES.

British seavacue boys and girls were entertained at a rodeo at B. Bar H. Ranch, Palm Springs, organised in their honour by Hollywood screen stars. NBC actress IRENE RICH *and (on horseback)* JERRY COLLONA *are with some of the young guests.*

Light refreshment! Marshmallows and Vienna sausages toasted together by the fire sound an incredible mixture, but the combination is much enjoyed in the U.S.A., and the British children took to it.

Young "SONNY" MONTANA, *son of Wild Western actor Monte Montana, displayed his skill with Western rope tricks for the benefit of the British seavacues.*

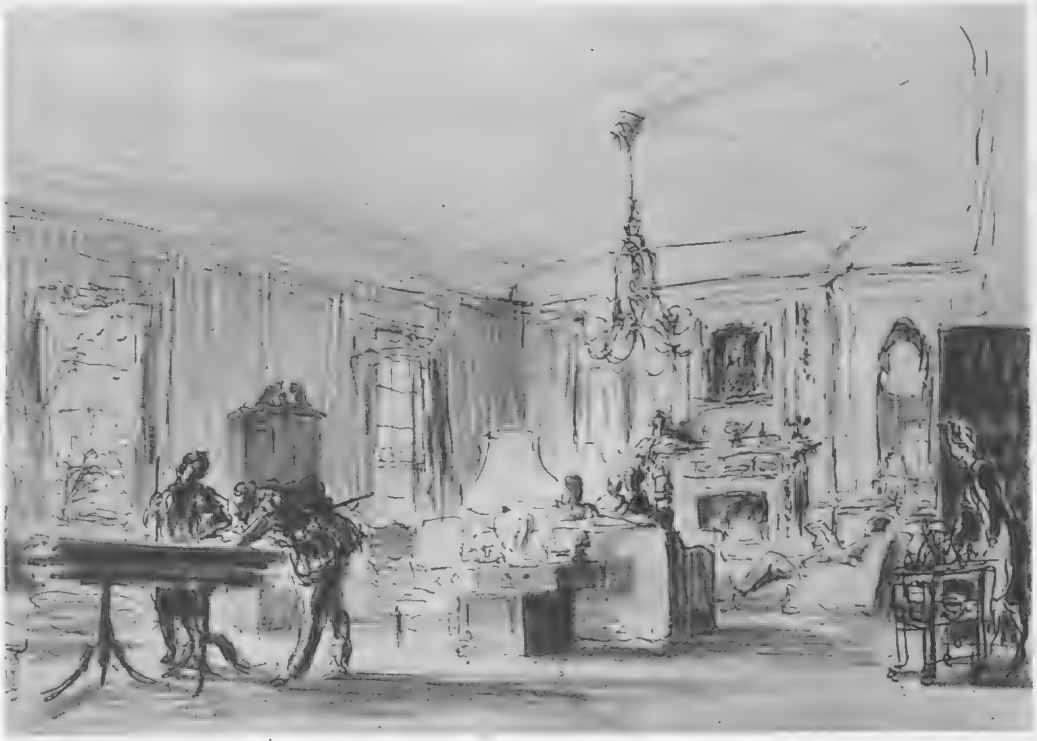
And here the young guests are sitting near the bonfire, clustering round NBC actress VERA VAGUE *and hanging on her words as she sets out to entertain them.*

A lesson in the art of catapulting! NBC actress MARTHA DRISCOLL *is the demonstrator and actor* GEORGE MONTGOMERY *listens and registers interest and amusement.*

An impression of Major Cazalet's farm in Kent.

Very important people at home! A fine carthorse and a hen.

AN ARTIST VIEWS THE COUNTRY-SIDE IN WARTIME.



The happy hour of five o'clock: tea and games in the drawing-room.

FELIKS TOPOLSKI, the brilliant artist whose pencil has been recording various aspects of wartime life in this country, here gives his impressions of a rural scene. The sketches on this page and the facing one were made at the home of Major Victor Cazalet, M.C., who has been Conservative member for Chippenham since 1924, and was formerly Parliamentary Private Secretary (unpaid) to the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, and later to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Major Cazalet, who is a patron of music, the arts, and horticulture, is also interested in his farm—a most important business to-day. When guests come to stay in wartime, they are all expected occasionally to take a hand in washing-up in the pantry.

A visit to the orchid house, the pride of Major Cazalet's heart.

Washing-up duty! The house-party "go to it" in the pantry.

DRAWINGS BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI.

Sunday morning at Great Swifts, the Kentish home of Major Victor Cazalet, M.C., M.P. Uniforms have been left temporarily upstairs in bedrooms, and the host is at the piano. The only sign of war is supplied by the headlines in the papers!

This scene hardly suggests that the country is quaking under the threat of invasion—as our enemies like to imagine! It shows an evening in the library at Major Cazalet's house during a brief holiday week-end, with guests enjoying cards and books.

COUNTRY HOUSE IN THREAT-OF-INVASION TIME.

Here are Topolski's impressions of the interior of a country house in wartime, sketches made in the library at Great Swifts, in Kent, showing Major Cazalet and some guests, invited for a brief spell of "leave." Major Cazalet was Flying Officer No. 905 (County of Surrey) Squadron, A.A.F., 1939, and was appointed liaison officer with the Polish C.-in-C. in 1940. He is the son of the late Mr. William Marshall Cazalet, of Fairlawne, Tonbridge. Great Swifts was built under his own supervision. It is a beautiful house, constructed from materials of old buildings.

DRAWINGS BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THESE SAILORS, AIRMEN, NURSES AND CIVILIAN for the glorious deeds which have won them decorations and honours.

FLIGHT LIEUT. STEPHEN, *here seen with his mother, received the D.S.O. and the D.F.C. and bar at a recent Investiture.*

At one Investiture his Majesty conferred the D.S.O. on twelve officers of the three Services; the D.F.C. on fifty-five R.A.F. officers; while one was awarded the D.F.C. and bar. At another Investiture two R.A.F. officers received the D.S.O. and thirty others the D.F.C.

GROUP CAPTAIN C. A. BOURCHIER, C.B.E., D.F.C., *was decorated by the King.* MRS. BOURCHIER *is on the right.*

SIDNEY ERNEST GEORGE BRADFORD, a dispatch-rider in the London Auxiliary Fire Service, has been awarded the George Medal for a deed of amazing valour, even in these days, when high courage is the rule rather than the exception. By hanging head downwards while someone held his legs, he cleared away wreckage for a period of one hour, after which he was overcome by the fumes of gas. He received first-aid and wished to carry on, but was not allowed to.

SUB.-LIEUT. P. L. MERYON, R.N., *received the D.S.C. He is shown with his mother, arriving at the Palace for the Investiture.*

THE KING has held Investitures at Buckingham Palace recently, when he conferred honours and decorations on many of those whose names appeared in the New Year's Honours List and on officers of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, as well as on some nurses whose devotion to duty had won them the A.R.R.C. FLIGHT LIEUT. STEPHEN, who was decorated with the D.F.C. and bar and the D.S.O., has received the first D.S.O. to be awarded in the field among Britain's Home Defence Force. He flew again and again to the Dunkirk beaches during the withdrawal of the B.E.F. and has been repeatedly in action during the Battle of Britain. He has brought down more than twenty German aeroplanes. When the King invested him with his three decorations, his Majesty said: "I hope to see you back here again soon."

Left: SQUADRON LEADER GAUNCE *(Canada),* FLIGHT LIEUT. HUGO *(South Africa), and* FLYING OFFICER HOLE *(Yorkshire) received decorations at the recent Investiture, thus again emphasising the great deeds of Dominion pilots.*

Right: Three nurses, MISS MEIKLE, MISS WILSON *and* MISS JONES, *were awarded the A.R.R.C., and are seen leaving Buckingham Palace after an Investiture which took place recently.*

Left: AIR COMMODORE G. R. CARR *was decorated at the recent Investiture.*

Right: SIDNEY ERNEST GEORGE BRADFORD, *a dispatch-rider in the London A.F.S., has been awarded the George Medal.*

LIEUT. VALLING, R.N.V.R., *received the D.S.C. at the recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace.*

H. HERON, *survivor from the "Komata," sunk by a raider, used a comb made from bamboo when imprisoned in a German ship.*

Royal Australian Navy to the rescue! Boatloads of survivors being hauled towards the rescue ship taking them from Emiru Island.

MISS EILEEN DA COSTA, *former Sydney Press artist, injured her leg. It is being attended to by an officer of the rescue ship.*

REAL-LIFE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS STORY—WITHOUT GLAMOUR!

A photograph taken by one of the "Rangitane" crew, showing impromptu huts made by the British along Emiru foreshore.

HERE'S to-day's real-life South Seas island story, without glamour, but with plenty of courage about it. In December Nazi raiders landed several hundred people, among them seventy-seven women and children, on the tiny island of Emiru, in the South Pacific. They were survivors from ships sunk by the raider's guns. Aided by natives they put up huts on the foreshore—it looks picturesque and film-like, but was pretty tough. There are four Europeans on the island, and some 200 natives. The Royal Australian Navy came to the rescue without delay, and on Christmas Eve the victims were taken away to a North Australian port, and thence to Sydney, where they had a great welcome.

ARTHUR JAMES, *son of* MR. FRED JAMES, *spent his third birthday aboard a Nazi raider, with his father and two collies.*

Civilization again! Women victims, dressed for weeks in impromptu garments made of sheets, get a new outfit in Australia.

PEOPLE OF YOUTH, CHARM, DISTINCTION,

SQUADRON LEADER LOUIS STRANGE, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., *is said to be the brain behind our parachute troops, whose existence was dramatically revealed as the result of their raid on Southern Italy. The paratroops are all picked men.*

VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH *and a friend in the paddock at Plumpton.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *paid a visit to the Hospital Library Department of the Red Cross and St. John War Department and heard about the work of the organisation.*

MR. HARRY MIDDLETON, *son of Lady Sybil and Mr. Lambert Middleton, of Lowood, with* LADY WILLA ELLIOT, *younger daughter of the Earl of Minto, at the buffet dance at Dryburgh Abbey Hotel in aid of war funds.*

Left: *The* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK *and* MR. CLAYTON *at Plumpton races.*

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN *visited the Services' Central Book Depôt, Handel Street, Bloomsbury, and examined some of the books. Since the Depôt was opened fourteen months ago, five million books and three million magazines have been sent out to our fighting Forces.*

CAPTAIN DESMOND FITZGERALD, *Irish Guards, son of Captain and Mrs. Derek Fitzgerald, of Branches Park, Newmarket, married* MISS NATALIE NEVINSON, *younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. St. Aubyn Nevinson, of Villa Magali, Valescure, and now of Folly Cottage, Grayshott, at the Guards' Chapel.*

IMPORTANCE AND TALENT.

The marriage of LIEUT. ANDREW GILBERT HENDRY, the Black Watch, only son of Mrs. Hendry, of Gagie, Angus, to the HON. ELSPETH MARIOT (JANE) IRONSIDE, only daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Ironside, took place at St. Mary's Church, Narford. MRS. RAYMOND ADES and MRS. DAVID MARSHALL were matrons of honour.

MRS. PATRICK SMYLY, formerly Miss Diana Mills, chatting with MR. TETLEY at Plumpton races.

MR. AVERELL HARRIMAN has been appointed by President Roosevelt as "Defence Expediter" to London when the Lease-and-Lend Bill is passed. He will act as liaison officer, to keep the U.S. Government apprised of British needs and the British Government informed of the production situation in America.

MISS BARBARA STEWART SYMES, daughter of Sir Stewart Symes, late Governor-General of the Sudan, is engaged to Captain Michael Crichton-Stuart, son of the late Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart and of the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Maule-Ramsay.

A Royal Air Force station company "somewhere in England" recently produced a panto., "Aladdin," and "The Wandering Jew." Now, under the direction of Mr. Tomlin, working under the auspices of ENSA, they have given "TONS OF MONEY." Here is the full company, which includes officers, aircraftmen and WAAFS.

CAPTAIN BASIL NICHOLSON, R.E., the Harlequin and England Rugby player, married MISS GILDA MAURICE-GREEN, daughter of Captain Maurice-Green, R.N.V.R., at St. Michael's, Aldershot.

MISS TENNANT (extreme right, second row) is the leader of this ambulance unit of the Mechanised Transport Corps, which is leaving shortly for service in Greece. The party, which includes MISS NORMA CALVOCORESSI (second from left, second row) and MISS DIANA QUILTER (extreme right, in front), was recently inspected by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

SPORT *IN EXCELSIS* BY THE R.A.F.:

An armament instructor (r.) and his assistant are checking a dummy Messerschmitt, which runs on a circular rail, like the electric hare at a greyhound-racing stadium. The gunners use it as a target for practice.

A civilian instructor is explaining to a batch of air-gunners how to as pilots must know how to remedy

A remarkably ingenious form of training to insure the amazing accuracy which characterises the men of the Royal Air Force is illustrated by these fine photographs. It recalls the popular sport of greyhound racing, for the moving dummy goes round a circular-rail track, in the same way that the electric hare

PHOTOGRAPHS

INSTRUCTIONAL "GREYHOUND RACING."

Another view of the dummy Messerschmitt, showing how it runs along a circular-rail track, just like the electric hare, and serves as a swift-moving target for gunners.

...ear stoppages of various sorts in a Browning. Gunners as well ...ppages in the shortest possible time.

races round just ahead of the dogs. The gunners fire at 200-yards' range from a gun turret, and so accurate is their aim that the wooden dummy is soon shot to pieces.

...ECIL BEATON.

ALL IN THE HOME FRONT WAR NEWS.

MR. WATERSON, *High Commissioner for S. Africa,* MRS. WATERSON and MRS. MIDDLETON, *wife of the Joint-Master of the Enfield Hunt, toast the mobile canteen presented by a S.A. Ladies' Hockey Union.*

COLONEL SYMONDS, *Chief Technical Officer, Fire Prevention Executive, shows* MISS MURIEL PAVLOW *the latest type of incendiary bomb.*

MURIEL PAVLOW, *who plays in "Dear Brutus," practising using a stirrup pump.* AIR-RAID WARDEN MISS J. AUCUTT *is supervising.*

AIR-RAID WARDEN MISS J. AUCUTT *giving a demonstration of how to move an unconscious person from a burning room, with* MISS MURIEL PAVLOW *as the "rescuee."*

MRS. PHŒBE TATTON BROWN *is going to South America with the party of mannequins who will display British fashions there, as the "Commère Producer."*

AIR-RAID WARDEN MISS AUCUTT *demonstrating to "Dream Daughter"* MISS PAVLOW, *of "Dear Brutus," how to carry a sand-bag to an incendiary.*

The PRIME MINISTER *smiles happily when passing a tank bearing the name "Churchill" after watching an armoured-car demonstration with General de Gaulle and General Sikorski.*

CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACLEAN AND HIS FIANCÉE.

The engagement of SIR CHARLES HECTOR FITZROY MACLEAN, *eleventh Baronet of Duart and Morvern, Scots Guards, of Duart Castle, Isle of Mull, twenty-seventh Chief of the Clan Maclean, to* MISS ELIZABETH MANN, *elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mann, of Woodside House, Windsor Forest, Berks, has been announced. Sir Charles, who was born in 1916, succeeded his grandfather in 1936. Miss Mann's father is the former England and Middlesex cricket captain. He is the third son of Sir Edward Mann, Bt., of Thelverton Hall, Norfolk.*

CAMERA PORTRAITS BY BERTRAM PARK.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

It is notorious that nearly all short stories are difficult to sell, and short stories with pretensions to literary merit can hardly be given away. The magazine or wish-fulfilment type of story goes best. Such stories often contain good writing, but they can hardly be considered works of art, since the writer's attitude to life—which must affect the way he handles all his material—is dictated to him by the convention of the happy ending. The unhappy ending is also a convention, I suppose; but it is a convention that arises out of the author's temperament and convictions instead of being imposed on him. In America, I understand, writers of fiction have at once more latitude and more restrictions than is the case here. Some magazines will not publish any story that deals with illicit love, and some, without, of course, boycotting lawful love, are ready and willing to extend the hospitality of their pages to other kinds. No doubt in America, as with us, the most popular kind of ending is a happy ending, but go and gusto, polish and brevity and smartness, tender hearts beating in tough or criminal breasts are popular too; and possessing these elements, stories need not end with marriage bells, and may indeed end with the shooting-up of all the principal characters.

Sentiment and Cynicism.

There is little violence in Mr. Jerome Weidman's short stories. The errand-boy in "The Tuxedos" finds something very odd going on in the Italian household to whom he delivers a consignment of hired dinner jackets; and the desperate, down-and-out hero of "On the Town" is just going to make things hot for poor Mr. Shultz when the story abruptly ends. On the whole, Mr. Weidman's less reputable characters, like the rogue in his long novel, "What 's In It for Me?", try to keep on the sunny side of the law. They prey upon each other in various ways. The gentleman in "Portrait of a Gentleman" walks out on his wife when she can no longer support him. The heroine of "I Knew What I Was Doing" had a remarkably simple and effective recipe for getting on in the world by climbing, as it were, from one bed to another. In "What Do You Know?" the gossip-column writer gets his contract renewed with the help of a very pretty piece of blackmail—and I confess he wins a certain amount of our sympathy, so odious are his colleagues when they realise he is soon to be out of a job. Yes; many of Mr. Weidman's characters need watching; but others do not. The heroine of "All I Survey," chained to a dying husband and offered escape, is a real heroine; the hero of "Thomas Hardy's Meat" an almost incredibly magnanimous hero. But the majority belong to the betwixt-and-between class. The best stories in the collection are, I think, also the shortest: mere episodes to which Mr. Weidman has been able to impart a great deal of significance. "The Explorers" is a delicious trifle, exquisitely turned and charged with a faint menace that comes to nothing. Many of the stories attain a high grade of snappiness, but this is the lightest in touch. "Home by Midnight" is perhaps the outstanding example of Mr. Weidman's gift for making a lot out of a little—which is not the same as making a mountain out of a molehill. All the passengers were inconvenienced when the motor-bus broke down, but they forgot their own troubles in a common solicitude for the young man and his girl, whose father had threatened to kill her if she was not home by midnight. He was an Italian father and it was probably an operatic threat; none the less, it sufficed to show human nature in a very agreeable light, and without any help from sentimentality—an aid which Mr. Weidman does invoke, rather too insistently, in "My Father Sits in the Dark." Writers with a strong tendency to cynicism, or who are accustomed to treat their subjects cynically, when they give themselves a holiday from this mood often wallow in sentimentality; but Mr. Weidman, who can be extremely cynical, seldom makes such a mistake. Usually his stories swing in one direction or the other; but some are almost free from any emotional bias. In the title-story, for instance, the last in the book, one cannot say that he is exaggerating, for the sake of effect, either the boy's terror in riding the pony, or the father's cruelty in making him complete the course four times.

In spite of superficial faults of modishness and slickness, "The Horse that Could Whistle Dixie" is one of the best collections of stories that has appeared for some time.

Stars of "Hi, Gang!" BEN LYON, BÉBÉ DANIELS, and (below, left) VIC OLIVER, have to put in a lot of real hard work to produce the appearance of slick back-chat to which we are accustomed in this popular B.B.C. show. These two pictures show the chiefs going through the script and putting in some intensive rehearsal before the new dialogue is ready. The Green Sisters and Sam Browne supply the vocal part of the entertainment.

A Gloomy Tradition.

"Morryharn Farm" belongs to the tradition of the grim agricultural novel. Farmers, in my experience, are not noticeably less sunny than other human beings, but they are almost proverbially dissatisfied with the weather, and perhaps novelists read into this chronic grumbling a more serious discontent with life than they need. Thomas Hardy was among the first to show how Destiny and the Land might conspire to make a man's life miserable; and he has had many successors, not the least distinguished of whom is Mr. John McNeillie.

A Farm and a Wife.

Mort Dalzie rents Morryharn Farm from his brother-in-law. It is a lonely, wild, unpromising, stony place, and from the first Mort's wife, Peg, takes a dislike to it. She is jealous of her husband's absorption in it; she sees in it a rival to herself. When her little daughter, Jess, is run over and fatally injured, this dislike deepens; with the knowledge that her brother, in expiation for the accident, has handed over the farm to Mort and all chance of leaving it is lost, she gives way to despair, sets fire to the house, and goes back to her own people. This closes the first act of the drama. In the second, Peg has little part to play. The interest of the story centres in the relationship between Mort and his son, Jim, a growing lad with the makings of a first-rate farmer in him, and, to use a grandiloquent phrase, in the relationship between Mort and his destiny. In the conflict between Mort and his mother, Jim had taken Mort's side. Admiration for his father's strength and courage enabled him to forget his occasional outbursts of harshness, and the two worked in almost perfect harmony until the accident came which left Mort paralysed. The fight in which Mort receives his terrible injury is magnificently described. It is the finest thing in a book which portrays naked hostility between individuals more uncompromisingly and convincingly than most novels do. The details of Mort's illness are terribly real; the pain he suffers goes through the reader like a knife. All the way through one admires Mr. McNeillie's hard, restrained, objective handling of extreme emotions and sensations. Back from hospital, Mort tries to resume his work; finds he cannot; grows morose and ill-tempered; bullies his son in a way which Jim, now a grown man, will not stand; turns him out; and creates the tension which ends in tragedy.

[Continued overleaf.

DANCERS—EAST TO WEST.

MAYURO, *a Balinese dancer, at the "Royal Netherlands Forces' Afternoon" at the Officers' Sunday Club, talking to representatives of the Dutch Navy and Army.*

Wartime London has for some months been enlivened by lunch-time Ballet entertainments. The latest is provided by the Ballet Group under the direction of Pauline Grant, in association with Lionel L. Falck, at the Little Theatre. The Western ballerinas form an interesting contrast to a beautiful Eastern dancer, Mayuro, from the island of Bali, who gave a performance at the Officers' Sunday Club in honour of the "Royal Netherlands Forces' Afternoon" which was held there the other Sunday.

A close-up of MAYURO. *She is Balinese, and delighted the audience when she gave a performance at the "Royal Netherlands Forces' Afternoon" at the Officers' Sunday Club.*

The Ballet Group Season of lunch-time ballet at the Little Theatre opened on February 11. ROSE WOODLAND *is dancing with* MURIEL HARDING *in* "LES FANTOCHES," *a new ballet to Schumann music.*

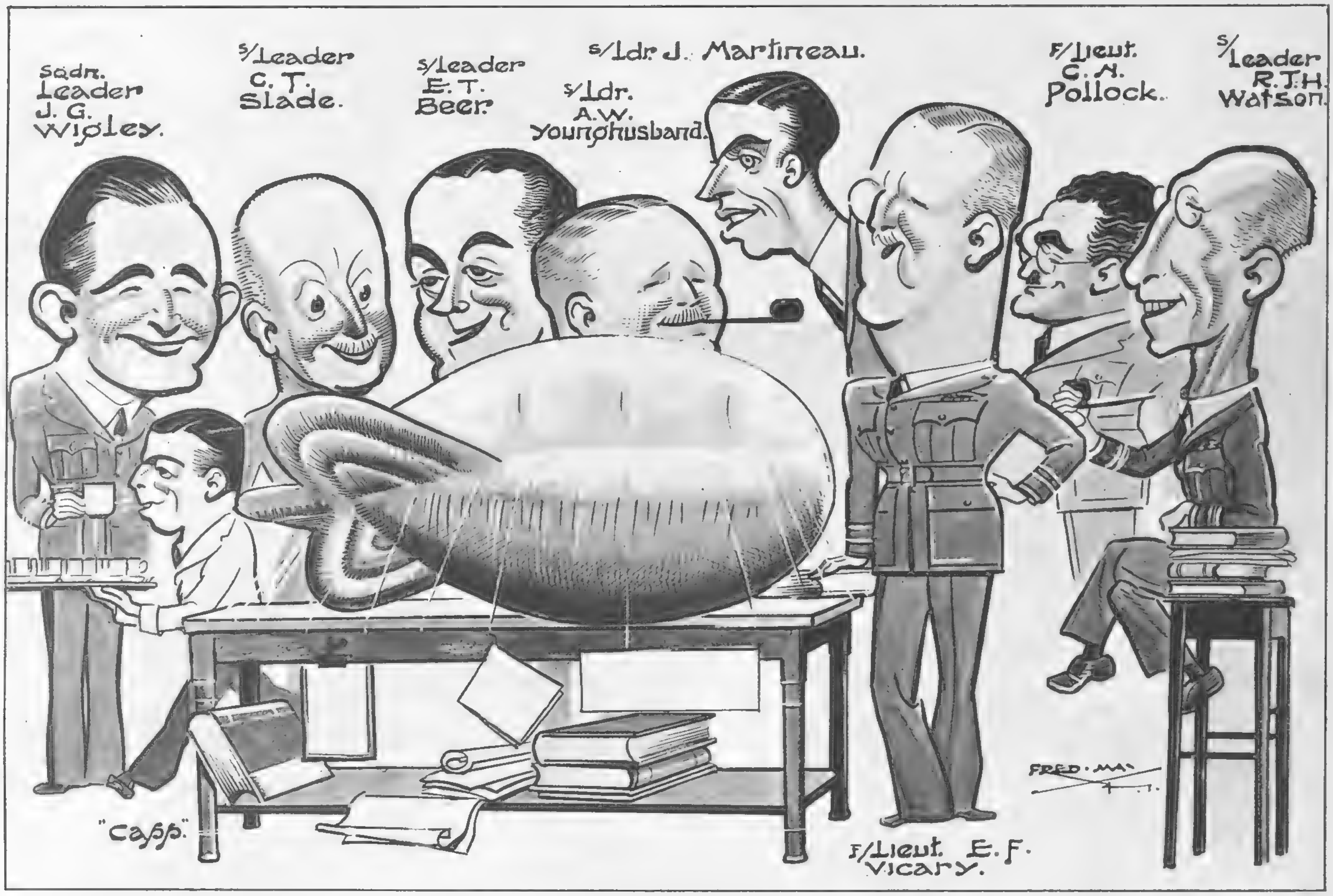
MICHAEL BAYSTON *and* ANN NEGUS *with the Corps de Ballet in "Les Fantoches." Music for the ballets is provided by Gwendolyn Reiche and Percival Garratt at two pianos. "Les Fantoches" is a new ballet in their repertoire.*

Continued.]

Tragedy and Circumstance. Perhaps tragedy is not the right word: it is a word that is often loosely used. In Shakespearean tragedy, at any rate, the tragic hero carries his own destiny within him; circumstance helps to bring about his downfall, but he is not the victim of circumstance. Hamlet would have found other opportunities for disastrous indecision even if he had not felt called upon to avenge his father's death. Othello would have found occasions for jealousy without Iago being at hand to prompt him. Antony, had he not met Cleopatra, might still have bartered an Empire for love. Mort Dalzie had the seeds of tragedy in him; he was ambitious, headstrong, obstinate, domineering. Peg might not have left him if he had shown himself more conciliatory after his father's funeral. Of the disasters that overtook him, this at least was due to a defect of temperament. But the injury that paralysed him was not; he may have been in a temper when he interfered in the fight, but it was the only way of saving a man's life. If he had not been crippled, his native love and enjoyment of life would have overcome the dangerous tendencies in him. He is therefore too much the victim of circumstance to attain to tragic stature; but he remains an impressive figure in an impressive story.

Some of the fun in "The Birdseed Pool" is so light as to be farcical—*e.g.*, the automatic demand of Binter's secretary for a mink coat; some of it is serious and learned fooling, like the discussion between the lawyers as to what would have been Justinian's views on the birdseed problem. Government offices have been satirised so often that it must have been difficult for Mr. Roberts to find a fresh angle of attack. His method is the risky one of wild exaggeration—risky because the moment satire gets out of touch with its subject it ceases to be amusing. Mr. Roberts's satire is so uniformly amusing that we catch ourselves wondering "Can it be so exaggerated, after all?" A disturbing thought, if it means the war is really being conducted along such rigid bureaucratic tramlines. One thing more: a notice of this book would be incomplete without a reference to the unusually high standard of the writing.

Motive for a Murder. It is an interesting, if morbid, task to consider what motives will induce one human being to destroy another, and if the motive is a detective-novelist's heel of Achilles, it is also his opportunity—one which has been brilliantly seized in "Breathe No More." Frivolous and unreal though the original incentive might appear compared with



BALLOON COMMAND, R.A.F., *supplied our artist with his subject this week, and a demonstration convinced him that the manœuvrability of these big sausage balloons is none too easy. In eight days this month, Balloon Barrage crews destroyed three night raiders. One came into collision with a balloon cable, and the other two were shot down by the gun crews of the Balloon Barrage. These crews are trained gunners, and have many crack shots among them.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

Red Tape in Wartime. "The Birdseed Pool" is a satire on red tape and officialdom in wartime. Desirous of rejoining the Army, Colonel Clayton seeks, in vain, for an interview at the War Office. Coming away despondent, he runs into an old friend, Binter Sutton, a mystery man of great influence and power, who immediately gets him appointed Controller of the Birdseed Pool. A recently-created department of the Civil Service, the Birdseed Pool has taken the supply of this useful commodity out of private hands and is managing it in the interests of the national war effort. At least, that is the idea. When Clayton, after an instructive visit to the Pineapple Pool, arrives at the comfortable country mansion which houses his own Department, he finds it completely tape-bound, and moreover quite out of touch with the commodity it is supposed to be in charge of. Inquiry reveals the existence of a *cache* of birdseed, the property of a South American, somewhere in France; and Clayton's visit to Paris and gallant but unavailing attempts to get hold of his quarry is one of the most entertaining episodes in this most entertaining book.

such a solid reality as financial gain, yet in the strange atmosphere of history and romance that Miss Marion Randolph creates it leaps forward, compelling and irresistible. Her book should be a solemn warning to children whose parents delight in making apple-pie beds, though one cannot help sharing the hero's sympathy with the actual murderer. Many of us must have sown the wind without reaping such a whirlwind.

In addition to an excellent structure, "Breathe No More" can boast of good character-drawing and a real feeling for atmosphere. The New England house altered into an imitation of Malmaison shares with the French château an indefinable air of sadness—like a dream that never came true or a moonlight romance that faded with the dawn.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Horse That Could Whistle Dixie. By Jerome Weidman. (*Heinemann; 8s.*)
Morryharn Farm. By John McNeillie. (*Putnam; 8s. 6d.*)
The Birdseed Pool. By Bechhofer Roberts ("Ephesian"). (*Robert Hale; 7s. 6d.*)
Breathe No More. By Marion Randolph. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)

The fifth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT is published in this issue of "THE SKETCH."

STUDIES OF MOVEMENT IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Speed and grace of the dance-team BOYER *and* RAVEL *is illustrated by these splendid pictures. They are perhaps the most talked-of ballroom dancers of the day. They recently returned from a five-months South American tour, including a season at Rio de Janeiro, where they took the whole of the Grosvenor House show "So This is Charm." They have just finished a successful five weeks at the Café de Paris and two weeks at the May Fair, and are now beginning work on the choreographic side of a new British film, while Boyer has a straight part in a new Warner Brothers picture. Both started dancing at the age of thirteen. Boyer trained in ballroom and tap, under Carl Hyson and Max Rivers; while Ravel studied ballet with Espinosa, and was for three years with Dalcroze on the Continent. Their first meeting was in Ernest Milton's production of "Night's Candles," when they decided to pool their knowledge and started on their successful career. They are husband and wife. The speed of Jeanne Ravel's dance is so great that in three nights she wears out a pair of shoes. Thus, in an average year's work she gets through at least one hundred pairs of new dancing slippers.*

AIR-RAID SHELTERERS. No. 5.—MISS CLOBWHISTLE.*

By WINIFRED DUKE. *Author of "The Laird," "Out of the North," etc.*

MISS CLOBWHISTLE had a war job. It was a very small one, but for a middle-aged woman, born and brought up in a remote village and still clinging forlornly to the taboos, inhibitions and restrictions of her much-suppressed youth, it represented advance, daring, independence. She was not altogether sure whether she appreciated these things. After all, life at Clummers Mill might have been dull, but at least it was safe and secure. Here one carried one's life in one's hand, so to speak, and every day, every night, brought fear—the fear of death or maiming from the skies. Ivy Clobwhistle was on her way home from her work when the "Alert" began its warning. Clutching the sausages for her supper, her handbag, gas-mask and attaché-case, she had scurried like a scared rabbit into the nearest public shelter. It was only half-full. Perhaps people were becoming careless, accustomed to the risks of an air raid. She wasn't. Never, she felt, would she be. Not only did she dread being killed, but she hated the sight of a fire. It recalled too much.

The warden in charge of the shelter was middle-aged, chatty, reassuring. He found Miss Clobwhistle a seat and prophesied the "All Clear" before long. "Got far to go?" he asked her.

"Everton Crescent."

"That 's no distance."

"No."

She sat rather limply on the hard bench. Two other women were near her, discussing the price of eggs. Coupled with this went the rambling tale of Aggie, as related by the elder woman. Aggie, it appeared, kept hens, but was by no means generous about distributing their eggs to deserving cases such as the speaker. "She asked me there on Friday—no, Thursday. Wait a minute, was it Thursday? No, it must have been Wednesday, because that 's early-closing and the grocer's and our dairy were both shut, and she knew that as well as me, and she showed me everything, the hens and the hen-houses and the food they get, and there was a big bowl of eggs in the pantry, and nobody but herself and Harry, and do you suppose she offered me as much as a shell?"

"It 's awful how mean some folks can be."

"That 's right. But *Aggie*. . . . When all 's said and done, she 's my own cousin, and if relations can't be neighbourly, 'specially in wartime, it 's a poor look-out."

The other woman echoed: "That 's right."

Miss Clobwhistle's thoughts drifted off to the past. The shelter was warm to suffocation, and, despite herself, her eyelids drooped and she felt sleep stealing over her. The mention of eggs had brought back old memories. Clummers Mill, her grandfather's farm, wasn't much of a place, but it paid its way. Her parents had lost their lives in a drowning accident before she could remember them, and her grandparents brought her up. Her mind ranged over a patchwork of haphazard memories. She saw a small child running about the farm, picking up windfalls, throwing grain to the fowls, and later going to school along a road rutty and dusty in summer, snowy or ice-laden in winter. The school-house was a funny, isolated, slate-roofed little building down in the hollow of a by-lane, in bad weather almost a morass. Miss Pillink, the teacher, always had chilblains and an overwhelming horror of draughts. Even at the most critical moment of a lesson, when one's abysmal ignorance was about to be exposed and condign punishment follow, Miss Pillink's attention could always be distracted by a plaintive: "Oh, Miss Pillink, may I see if the door 's shut? I feel a draught." Miss Pillink, hitherto blissfully unaware of the proximity of the smallest current of air, would shiver and hunch her meagre shoulders and direct that an instant investigation be made into the direction from whence the danger came. Ivy Clobwhistle laughed to herself. What tricks they played on poor Miss Pillink, she, the ringleader, and Bob Harkles, and the Drury twins from Mockhaggart farm, and all the other children, whose very names escaped her now. Where were they? Alice Sharples, with her red cheeks and her bold eyes and her boasts that she was going to marry early—had she achieved her objective? Dad Rollo, whose daring exploits with gamekeepers were the talk of the place—had he married Mabel Packer or Susie Smith? Life had been drowsy, uneventful, unexciting, but looked back on now from the angle of danger, uncertainty and alarm, peaceful, enjoyable, and—there was always the future.

She had had no future, not as a woman counts it. Her grandmother died when Ivy was fifteen, and she had been obliged to give up all ideas of earning her own living and look after her grandfather. He wasn't old, not as one counted years, but he was aged, growing increasingly feeble and querulous and exacting, and the farm-work became too much for him. She did the housekeeping, kept the house going by the aid of a procession of village girls who were either wasteful, idle, incompetent, or impertinent, and managed the fowls and the dairy. With a faint smile she recalled wandering in lush fields, heady with clover, questing for warm eggs, or standing in the cool dairy, bent over the churn. She could milk, too, and there were homely enjoyments such as harvest suppers, an occasional village dance, a picnic, or a church social to sweeten work. Yes, those had been good days.

She was twenty-nine before romance came her way. She remembered crude episodes with boys who thought all girls fair game and had to be warned off; but Robbie was different. There must have been a strain of gipsy blood in him to account for those flashing black eyes and the tilt of his head. He came, seemingly from nowhere, and took the small-holding of Linnetdene, a mile from Clummers Mill. It was a poor place, only a few fields and a little stone house set against a tapestry of ragged trees. Stories clung about it of a ghost, a murder, and mysterious steps and voices heard on moonless nights. The way to it led across a wide stretch of derelict land, rough with gorse and thorn-bushes. Folk used to ask Robbie if he minded living there alone, and he would grin, showing those magnificent teeth, and retort that, so far, he 'd never seen anything worse than himself. Miss Clobwhistle's mouth tightened. Knowing of him what she knew now, he wouldn't.

Her work kept her pretty closely to the farm, but she heard talk of him and his doings. Another old farmer, a crony of her grandfather's, dropped in now and again, and spoke of the newcomer to Linnetdene. No, not much of a worker. Seemed to spend his time hanging about the fields, smoking, or in the Three Rams, the village inn. On her visits to the village, Mrs. Moss, who kept the general stores, and Miss Dunk, the postmistress, talked about him. Ivy Clobwhistle had wondered idly whether he were what their enthusiastic gossip represented. She wanted to come across him, to see for herself.

It had been a stark, hot, breathless afternoon, with thunder threatening from those purple-black clouds piled along the horizon, when she first saw him. She was in the dairy, setting aside the fat pats of yellow butter to be packed for market, and a shadow darkened the doorway. The door stood open, the aperture framing a few yards of sweet-pea hedge, an oblong of sky, ominously grey, with a man's figure silhouetted against it. Afterwards it seemed symbolical that when he was destined to spoil her life she should first see him as a black, menacing outline whose sudden appearance caused her to start and cry out. "Oh!" she said uncertainly. "What do you want?"

"Did I startle you? Sorry! Mr. Clobwhistle said I might come and look for you. I 'm Robbie Fratt, from Linnetdene."

"Oh, yes."

"I want to buy some honey."

She heard a stick tapping along the crazy paving and her grandfather's peevish old voice whining her name. "Ivy! Ivy! Where 's that gel?"

"I 'm in the dairy, Grandfather," she called back.

"There 's a chap here, seekin' honey. Can ye get him a comb?"

"Yes, of course."

[Continued overleaf.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

THE GAMUT OF GLAMOUR—BY MARLENE.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S *new film,* "SEVEN SINNERS," *a Joe Pasternak production directed by Tay Garnett, was due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Monday last, February 24. Miss Dietrich appears as a café singer, Bijou, whose charms are so great that she is deported from every South Seas island she visits on account of the desperate fights which her beauty provokes among the tough—but susceptible—men. Naturally, a high standard of glamour is to be expected from such a character, and you can trust Marlene to put it over convincingly, with the aid of a large and varied wardrobe. Her costumes include many bejewelled and befeathered ensembles, but she also appears in one sequence in a chic feminised version of a naval officer's uniform.*

Continued.]

She had led the way out of the dairy towards that part of the flower-garden where the hives stood. They were in a row amongst flowers her grandmother had planted, all old-fashioned stuff, like lavender and rosemary and lad's-love and love-in-a-mist. Robbie followed her. The two of them paused in the dark, hot little place, with great trees nearly meeting overhead and the yew hedge all round, so thick and high that it was like being in a kind of box. A wood-pigeon cooed near at hand, and the bees made one think of the old saying, "Busy as a bee." Robbie and she watched them, and then she took a comb cleverly from the hive and let the bees crawl over her arm. Both were bare for working in the dairy, and she had had a lovely skin in those days, white as the milk in her dairy. She saw him looking at it.

Grandfather didn't seem taken with him. After he had gone away, and she was carving the joint at dinner, she asked casually: "What do you think of our new neighbour?"

"Up to no good."

"Oh; why do you say that?"

"I know his sort. Playin' at farming. Shifty-eyed. You give him a wide berth, my girl."

"I don't suppose I 'm likely to see him again."

She did not believe her own words. He had looked at her, and she knew that look. They must meet.

Ivy Clobwhistle, sitting on a hard bench in an air-raid shelter, gazed back twenty years. What a fool she had been!

He had had a pretty tough skin. Again and again he came to their farm, despite the cool way her grandfather received him. His excuses were fertile and varied. He required a sitting of eggs, or he 'd like advice about one of his pigs, or he had brought some cream as a present. Grandfather would grunt and answer him very shortly, but always after the interview was over Robbie managed to see her. They met in the garden or the dairy or outside in the lane, and their bliss lasted until that infernal stick came tap-tapping, and that complaining old voice summoned her. Robbie saw her impatience, her reluctance to part. One day he said bluntly that it was getting too much.

"We never have five minutes together. That old meddler comes along, or you take fright and think he 's coming, and off you go."

"Do you want to see more of me?"

"Why, of course. Look here"—he trod nearer—"to-morrow night, couldn't you come to Linnetdene? Slip out when the old chap 's in bed. We'll have supper, and you can get back without anyone being the wiser."

The plan allured her. What danger was there? Her grandfather went early to bed, and she could secrete the key of the front-door, and go and return whilst he slept. She wanted to see Linnetdene, to see Robbie at Linnetdene. Their snatched, furtive love-making must end. She nodded her consent.

Now, when time went so quickly, it seemed strange to look back on that night and recall how the hours and minutes loitered. Grandfather was maddening. He lingered over his supper until she could have screamed. After it he demanded his cash-box and sat counting every coin again and again. He distrusted banks, and kept a good sum of money in the house. People round about knew, and often told him that he was foolish. At long last she coaxed him upstairs and saw him safely in bed. She dressed herself carefully and set out.

It was a heavy, moonless night. The clouds might have been pasted on the sky's face, so dark, so immovable, did they appear. Not a breath of wind stirred the foliage, and though no one in those days dreamed of the black-out, and the way you had to grow accustomed to negotiating the darkness, the landscape was as featureless, as opaque as the London streets these nights. She slipped along a little sunken lane, rutted underfoot, splashing into puddles left by last week's rain, and struck across the waste ground. Lobb's Common it was called. Once she had idly asked why, and her grandfather told her that a pedlar named Lobb had been murdered there. It was a sight o' years past, longer than he remembered, but they said Lobb's ghost walked o' nights.

She thought of that as she hurried forward, catching her skirt on the straggling gorse bushes that felt like hands stretched out to detain her. The way was very rough and more than once she began to fancy herself lost. Then, far ahead, down in a dip, her eyes made out a chimney, probably the chimney of Linnetdene. Robbie was there, waiting for her, might possibly be coming to meet her.

The common sloped, and she trod cautiously down an inclined track, flinty underfoot, with here and there a slimy patch of half-dried mud. Something white—a rickety little gate—glimmered out of the blackness. The scent of a tangled riot of flowers came to her nostrils. She called his name.

"Robbie!"

There was no answer. She pushed the squeaking, reluctant gate open and edged along a path. The drip-drip of water from a butt sounded very loud. She could see a squat, dark outline which must be the house, but where was the door? By groping her way she found it finally, and knocked softly. Sheer silence answered her. Where was Robbie? Her heart began to hammer against her ribs as she pictured him having met with an accident, perhaps lying helpless at hand, unable to summon aid.

She tried the door, but it seemed to be shut and bolted. The utter quiet, not a leaf moving, began to tug at her nerves. Was it some trick of Robbie's? She wandered about the unlighted garden and seemingly deserted farm-premises. His name, falling from her lips at intervals, echoed forlornly in her own ears. At last, exhausted, she sat down on a weather-warped bench and shed tears compounded of anger and fatigue. . . .

"It wasn't only the eggs." The voice of the woman telling of the iniquities of Aggie momentarily distracted Ivy Clobwhistle's thoughts from that night's fruitless vigil. "She 'd been making marmalade, and never suggested me having as much as a pound pot."

"Dear! dear!" clucked the other woman. . . .

How long she had sat there Ivy Clobwhistle could not guess. At last, angered, perplexed, burning with cold fury against Robbie, she stood up. Her eyes narrowed. What was that dull red glow where a little while before the night had been starless, utterly dark? It seemed irregular, uncertain, like a bonfire. It came from the direction of Clummers Mill.

The return there was a nightmare. Afterwards she recalled running till her breath gave out, scrambling through hedges or over walls, finally joining the crowd standing outside what had been her grandfather's farm. People were arguing and shouting, and telling one another what to do. The fire-engine had been sent for, but the men had five miles to drive. A few more sensible spirits had sought buckets, and were dipping them in the horse-pond, but their efforts were childish, futile, against that fire.

"Why, 'ere 's Ivy," exclaimed Mrs. Cockles, from Fir-Tree Farm. "What 's up, lass?"

"Yes, how 'd it happen?" urged another voice.

She stammered that she had been out and did not know. The great crash with which the roof fell in drowned her feeble words.

Afterwards they found her grandfather's body and Robbie's in the ruins. She saw it all, his device to get her out of the way in order to rob the old man. Like a fool, she had told him about the cash-box. Her grandfather must have wakened, seen the intruder, and in the ensuing struggle the lamp overturned. Both men were trapped upstairs. At the inquest it came out that Robbie was penniless, a fugitive from justice, and a married man. Over the memory of her own folly she gave a little cackling laugh.

"Now, don't get hysterical," urged the warden kindly. "There 's the 'All Clear.'"

She stood up, grabbed her belongings, and made for the door. A great glare of fire lit the sky, recalling that night. She ran blindly from the shelter.

"Why, she 's forgotten her parcel," exclaimed Aggie's cousin. She examined it when the warden's back was turned. "Sausages? I 'll taken 'em home. Just to make up for Aggie's stinginess over them eggs."

[THE END.

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The charming JUNE DUPREZ *dancing with* BOB TAPLINGER.

The guest of honour, COBINA WRIGHT, JUNIOR, *with* FRANCHOT TONE.

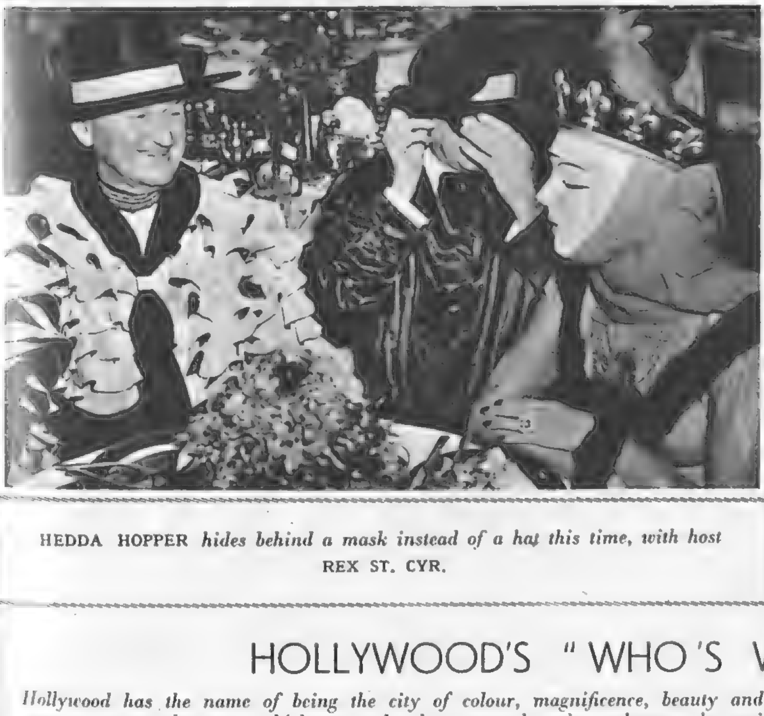
ROSALIND RUSSELL *and* FREDDIE BRISSON.

JANET GAYNOR *taking the floor with* ADRIAN.

GAYLE MELLOTT *with* WALTER PIDGEON.

VIRGINIA FIELD *and* EDGAR BERGEN.

DOROTHY LAMOUR *tells her host that it was a grand party.*



HEDDA HOPPER *hides behind a mask instead of a hat this time, with host* REX ST. CYR.

LADY FURNESS *with the host,* REX ST. CYR, *and another guest,* MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT.

HOLLYWOOD'S "WHO'S WHO" AT A COSTUME BALL.

Hollywood has the name of being the city of colour, magnificence, beauty and dazzle, and it lived up to its name the other night, when Rex St. Cyr gave a masked costume supper-dance at which not only the guests, but the orchestra, the waiters, and everyone else was in fancy dress. The party took place at Ciro's and was attended by every famous personage in the Hollywood "Who's Who." (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER PAAL.)

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"You can't keep the money away from our market. It comes in batteries, in battalions, in whole divisions, and we don't know where to find stock for billeting it. That's our difficulty," and the speaker, a jobber in the Consol Market, sharpened his pencil so viciously that the lead came out in a line.

"Why not lead it gently into the new War issues?" asked Our Stroller.

"Tons of it go into them," was the reply. "So much as to make you almost astonished at the Chancellor of the Exchequer professing there ought to be greater subscription than the weekly returns show."

"He's right enough," a broker maintained. "The country wants more and more, and the only way to get it is to keep on pegging away at the country's need of it."

"There will be millions going into the War issues from the call-up of those dated India stocks. Bit hard on the holders, perhaps; I suppose"—and he shrugged his shoulders—"that all's fair in love and war."

"But it's a breach of faith to pay off any loan before the proper date."

"It was pretty arbitrary for the Treasury to requisition your American shares without giving you any option to hold them or to sell. No, my boy. All's fair in war."

"And I presume that a lot of the India money will go into the National War stocks?"

"It's certain to. Maybe some bits and pieces will want a better yield——"

"What about Bank of England stock?"

He picked up a catalogue of stocks and turned to the section of British Government Trustee securities. "Here you are. Bank stock pays well on the money, by comparison, and it isn't redeemable."

"Nor is it guaranteed by the Government."

"We all know that, but it's pretty nearly as safe as if it were guaranteed. Yes: there's possible nationalisation of course. That's very improbable. Then there's the risk of damage by enemy action."

"Funny things happen nowadays," a broker remarked. "Look at this, now; I found it in an old drawer at the office one day last week."

He produced a long strip of newspaper. "See the date? March 1934."

"What is it all about?"

"It's a speech of Duff Cooper's on the Army Estimates. He said in it that the more he studied military matters the more he was impressed by the importance of cavalry in modern warfare! That was only seven years ago, mark you."

"And the Nazis came into power, when?"

"Twelve months earlier. Why I remember it so well is because I was a bear of War Loan at the time. Why laugh?"

"Because you link our premier stock with a dirty Austrian house-painter, or whatever Hitler was. You should write a book: 'Aids to Memory,' by Grin-And-Bear-It. Now if——"

Our Stroller and his broker eased off to the left, and halted in front of a list of Home Railway stocks.

"No excitement to-day?" the broker enquired.

"We don't have half-yearly dividends declared every day in our market," the jobber politely explained. "Had I known that your august presence was so near at hand I would have endeavoured to beat up a bit of a crowd. Pray pardon our seeming lack of respect."

"Do you see your stocks going better?" enquired the broker calmly. "Murder is out: we know the best and the worst of the dividends. Now what? Stagnation?"

"And starvation. Our stocks deserve to stand higher——"

"So do many other things."

"I agree with you there, though my wife wouldn't. She says that lots of things aren't worth the money she has to pay for them."

"Why draw rabbits and cocktails across Home Rails?"

"The stocks should command more money, but the public are not inclined to pay it. That's the truth of the matter. Run along and get your clients to take an active interest in us; we will soon have the prices up. There's no stock in our market, you know."

"That's what they tell you all round the House——"

"And you find it's true enough when you try to buy anything that hasn't a free market," another broker complained. "I've got a string of orders to buy all sorts of things, and, believe it or not, I can't even get the offer of them."

"Why not bid higher prices?" Our Stroller ventured to enqure.

"It's not a question of that," was the retort. "The jobber will quote you a price, tell you that he is only a buyer, and that he has none of the shares to offer."

"And yet we live! Some people must be dealing, or there wouldn't be two to three thousand bargains marked every day."

"This E.P.T. throws a smoke-screen over so many things. When we have won the war, and the tax goes to the same place as Hitler——"

"We shall have well-lit streets; no more black-outs, raids or warnings; as much meat and tea and cheese as we want; newsprint, oranges and silk stockings *ad lib.*; and—bless us, what else?"

"You can bless us when we put up the money," a fellow-broker chaffed him. "Bless the Army, the Navy and the Air Force."

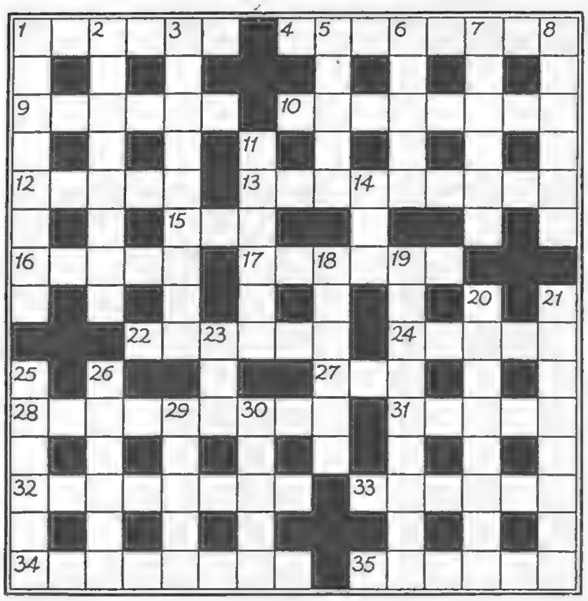
"Not forgetting the Prime Minister, the Home Defence units and J. B. Priestley. Oh, boy, let it be soon!"

The broker handed him an unstamped prospectus of National War Bonds. "You can keep the commission for yourself," he added with a burst of generosity, "provided you take us all to dinner when you get it."

"Certainly I will. The commission is—let me see. . . . Here we are. . . . Oh; A.B.C., or Lyons, gentlemen?"

Friday, Feb. 21, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



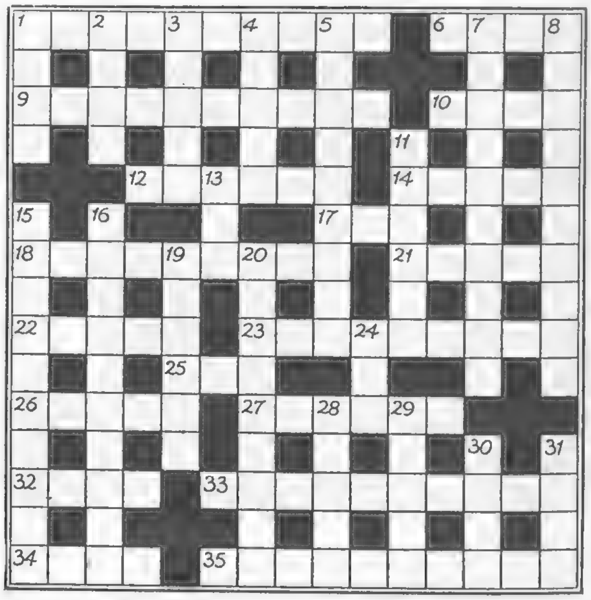
ACROSS.

1. The lady is in the midst of a good cry for the fruit (6).
4. Tremendous vehicle preceding a caper (8).
9. I see in a bird's home. There can be nothing nicer (6).
10. I climb with ease. Perfectly potty, this clue (8).
12. The lot (5).
13. Trace rake here, he keeps an eye on the premises (9).
15. That clinging girl (3).
16. Present mostly one time (5).
17. It might be an oil refinery in Germany or a rabbit in the Hebrides. Anyway, you can get tar from it (6).
22. Affirm like cricket warfare (6).
24. River plants (5).
27. A little bit of 18 (3).
28. City of Spain (9).
31. A mount from the shore (5).
32. It's an obvious mistake if you have read this notice about yourself (8).
33. Big guns in the East (6).
34. Ragged a treed T.T. (8).
35. Mathematical snakes (6).

DOWN.

1. Studies the ant after tea and finds it still unchanging (8).
2. Stimulating (8).
3. Silent ire has the quality of rebounding (9).
5. Always German (5).
6. Ward off a heraldic colour (5).
7. Ruses exploited by whist players—even the scrupulous ones (6).
8. The lady in No. 1 Across has exchanged a letter and has become bright and gay (6).
11. Reaper (6).
14. Early bird's home (3).
18. Answer about the wrong (6).
19. Raw thread to indicate the direction taken by the parachutist (9).
20. Dee acres become less (8).
21. The fool with the letters after his name estimates the value (8).
23. A heavy slice of tongue (3).
25. Any coster will provide this for his donah (6).
26. Accuse (6).
29. And use B.A. to vilify (5).
30. Sorry to have to finish up on a mournful note (5).

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. Usually available at the snack bar (10).
6. An effort at the end of this provides excessive attachment (4).
9. A cry often heard in the interval (10).
10. A very horsey drawback (4).
12. Ancient interpolation by the actor (two words; 3, 3).
14. Fool from birth (5).
17. Many a sweepstake held on this (3).
18. Highly finished with standard finish (9).
21. A rook in the Union (5).
22. Pupil (5).
23. Combinations of words (9).
25. Turkish officer (3).
26. This is hidden when there's a thousand on its head (5).
27. More secure than the open at the front (6).
32. No fat here (4).
33. "Shrewd pain" (anag.) (10).
34. Surfeit (4).
35. Binding with or without the initial article (10).

DOWN.

1. Discharge the canary! (4).
2. After this usually follows the midday meal (4).
3. Fly—but not in the ointment (5).
4. It apparently takes a good many to start this row (5).
5. Always coloured (9).
7. "Çited finer" (anag.) (10).
8. Substitute one letter in this establishment and see the cavalry (10).
11. Picture if you can a mollusc! (6).
13. Up with the wand and down comes a beetle (3).
15. "Begets veal" strangely enough (anag.) (10).
16. Species of 15 Down (10).
19. "The maid of the mountains" and her companions (6).
20. Their tails appear to be mixed up and in the wrong place (9).
24. Colour extracted from 20 Down (3).
28. Its berries yield a comforting wine (5).
29. He enjoys a prebend (5).
30. Always needing polish (4).
31. Figures on the domino (4).

SPARKLE, COMEDY AND BEAUTY OF "STRIKE UP THE MUSIC."

A spectacular dance number in progress at the London Coliseum.

ANDRÉ RANDALL *at the top of his form as "Benito" in an excited mood.*

"STRIKE UP THE MUSIC," the new "revue of happiness" at the London Coliseum, is a spectacular production with beauty, glitter and dance numbers interspersed with excellent comedy scenes. Douglas Byng has some grand laughter-making appearances, and Gaston Palmer, the juggling humorist, André Randall, and the Aspidistras all provide amusing scenes.

MAVIS *and* MARGOT *made up for their "dual rôle," with Hitler and Musso masks at the back of their heads.*

AGNETTE AND SILVIO *give their striking speciality dances in "Land of Memories" and "Land of the Sun." In the latter they appear first as Dawn and then as Apollon and Daphne.*

"Elephants Never Forget" is the title of an amusing sketch, with DOUGLAS BYNG *as the deaf Woman and* HAL BRYAN *as the Man, in a comedy idyll on a deserted pier.*

DOUGLAS BYNG *as the Queen of the Circus in "A Night at the Circus."*

WOMEN IN WARTIME

THE MARCH OF SPRING

THE traditional tonic of a new spring hat is still as potent as ever. Harrods, of Knightsbridge, suggest clear, bright colours to give vividness to spring suits. The sweeping felt above is emerald green, with red and blue arrow-heads worked in wool on one side, but it could be copied in other colours. For the country they have a felt Homburg, pierced with two extra long quills, and amusing variations of the sailor to wear with tailor-mades.

OUR feet are firmly on the ground this spring, but, however practical, shoes by Joyce are still gaily coloured and individually designed. Smooth fitting is ensured for the shoes on the left by the sliding fastener at the side. For the country there are the leather shoes on the right, with wedge heels and platform soles in crêpe rubber. These shoes can be bought all over the country, but if there is any difficulty, write to 17-18, Old Bond Street.

"WOOL all the year round" might well have been the title of the display recently organised by the International Wool Secretariat, for many of the fabrics shown are designed for warm weather. Fine wool mesh, woven in Scotland, is used for the dove-grey three-piece outfit on the right. The hip-length cardigan, straight skirt and short-sleeved shirt are all made of the same fabric, piped with crêpe-de-Chine in exactly the same tone. These lightweight woollens find a ready market in America, especially for "spectator sports."

Debenhams . . . specialise in

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THIRD FLOOR

Dainty "pram" coat in novelty cream wool, trimmed frills of lace. Sizes 6 to 18 months. **39/6**

Bonnet to match **29/6**

Pretty smock in sky/white or pink/white flecked muslin, hand-smocked in two shades. Sizes 9 months to 2 years. **35/9**

A large selection of smocks in muslin, and others in silk, always in stock.

Cream material coat for baby girls, with novelty blue stitching on bodice; collar and cuffs trimmed lace frills.

Size 12 months **49/6**

Size 2 years **52/6**

Bonnet to match **29/6**

Practical smock/knickers for boys in piqué voile, hand-smocked in green/white or blue/white. Size 9 months to 2 years **39/6**

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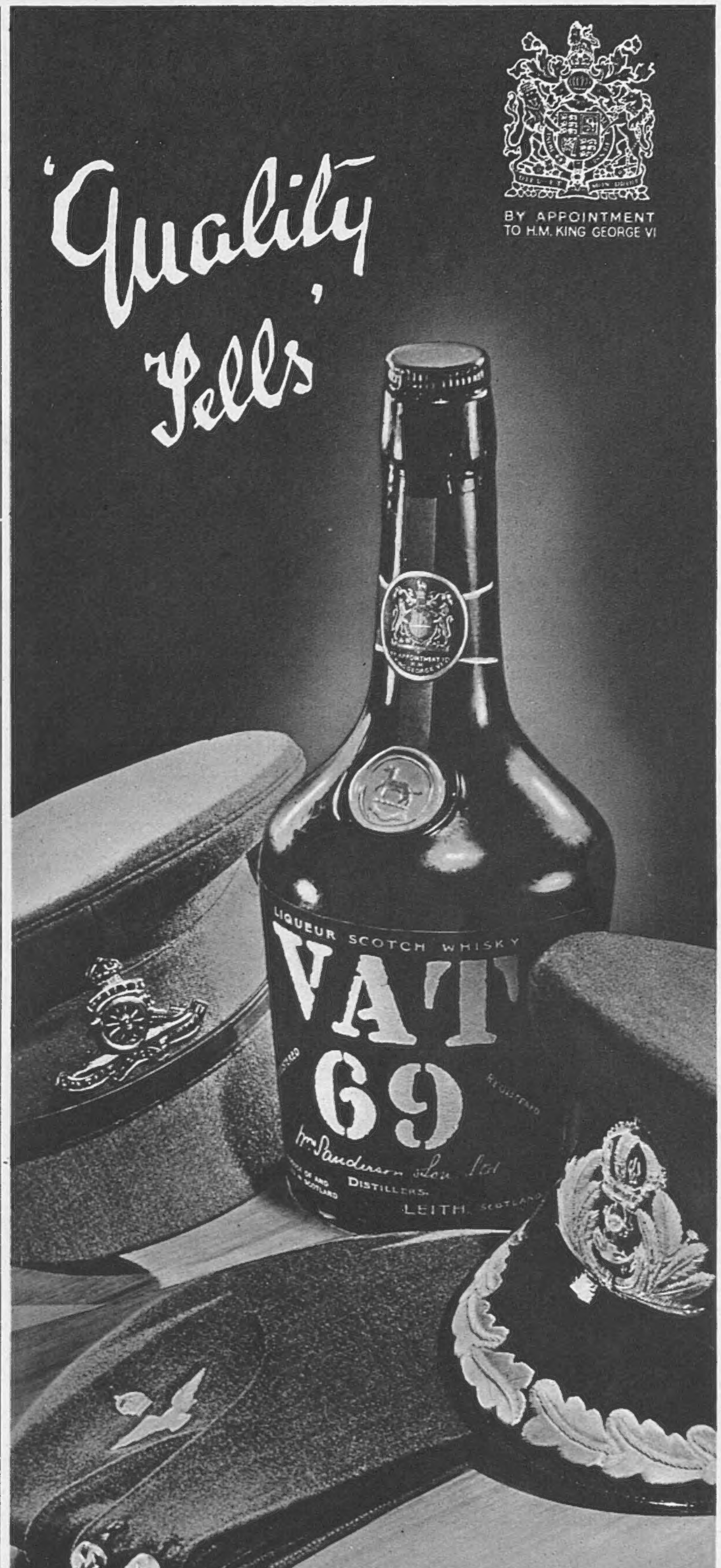

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCLXXXVIII.

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE!

A SHORT time ago a question was raised about the ethical standard of a certain bid at contract. Now I was pleased to see this question raised because I was rapidly coming to the conclusion that in these days of modern contract the question of ethics, propriety or etiquette of the game was no longer allowed to interfere with the flow of information necessary to partners who are out for a slam contract—that, in fact, every law, written and unwritten, could be broken with impunity when this all-important object (a slam) was in view. I fully recognise, of course, that contract experts, authorities and suchlike are law-abiding people, and that, therefore, they only agree to the breaking of our most cherished laws of etiquette provided these laws are broken in a legal and recognised manner, and I do not think that even these people would stand for, say, the Bigelow Slam Convention, which, as explained in a magazine, was devised by Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow "after years of painstaking analysis of millions of bridge hands." (This, I fancy, was during the period when, owing to a bad run, the Bigelows had to give up bridge "until they had caught up with the rent!")

Under this system ace-showing is simplicity itself—thus: any bid of one is forcing, and partner's reply is prefixed to an expletive to show aces as follows: "Dear me!"—no aces; "Well, well!"—one ace; "I'll be damned!"—two aces; "Jeepers Creepers"—three aces; "Oh, hell!"—four aces. Kings are shown at the same time (no waste of bidding rounds, you see) by the suit bid in this way: clubs—"I have no kings"; diamonds—"I have one king"; hearts—"two kings"; spades—"three kings"; no trumps—"four kings." So, if your partner responds "Jeepers Creepers, one heart," you immediately know he holds three aces (see table of responses) and two kings! There are naturally many adjustments to this system to meet awkward cases, as, for instance, if in the above case "one heart" would have been an under-call, your reply would be "One—I mean two hearts," and your partner knows you do *not* mean two hearts. But, as I say, I doubt if this system is likely to be played over here, so there is no good in going further into details.

To return to this question of ethics. A player has a couple of losers in, say, diamonds. He asks his partner (in bidding language, of course) if he can do anything about that suit—has he a stopper of any kind in diamonds? Partner says "No. Nothing doing in diamonds." Is it, then, unethical to bid a slam, knowing full well that if diamonds are played he is sunk? Don't think consideration is being given to his partner; no, it is the enemy we are thinking of! If a slam is bid, he—the enemy—may be bluffed into the belief that declarer *has* a stopper in diamonds, and so he—again the enemy—may open some other suit, on which declarer may be able to shed one of his losing diamonds. The point is, is the slam bid ethical? Is it etiquette? Is it cricket? I don't know, but I'm sure it's not contract.

That such a quibble should even be raised at a game like modern contract, where anything (except possibly the employment of the above-mentioned Bigelow slam convention) is considered ethical, seems just laughable; as well ask, is it etiquette to bid three no-trumps against an adverse suit-bid on chance of bluffing opponents that you hold a guard in their suit when, as a fact, you hold nothing in it at all? Why not, if you care to risk it? It's your risk, and I can assure you the enemy is quite capable of looking after himself, and in practice you'll find that bluffing him is an expensive business.

Easy hands are not always so easy to play. Try this simple playing problem:

SPADES—7, 6.
HEARTS—A, 10, 9, 6.
CLUBS—A, Kn, 5, 2.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 3, 2.

N
W ——— E
S

SPADES—K, Kn, 9.
HEARTS—Kn, 7, 2.
CLUBS—K, Q.
DIAMONDS—A, Q, 10, 6, 4.

South is playing three no-trumps. West leads the four of hearts. East wins with the queen and leads the three of spades; South played the nine and West took with the ten, and led the three of hearts. What would you (South) do now?

SOLUTIONS OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, FEBRUARY 19.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Wait. 3. Programmes. 10. Occasions. 11. Asset. 12. Gorge. 13. Thank you. 15. Omitted. 17. Decline. 19. Noonday. 21. Casuist. 22. Language. 24. Awake. 27. Clear. 28. Novelette. 29. Suspenders. 30. Brat.

DOWN.—1. Wrongdoing. 2. Incur. 4. Roosted. 5. Gaspard. 6. Alack. 7. Mussolini. 8. Site. 9. Asserted. 14. Settlement. 16. Idolators. 18. Casually. 20. Yearned. 21. Cleaver. 23. Gorse. 25. Altar. 26. Ices.

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—2. Warsaw. 6. See 22. 9. Children in arms. 11. Togo. 12 and 29. Wishy-washy. 13. Iona. 16. Turnover. 17. Spinet. 19. Wrasse. 20. Popinjay. 22. and 6. Ladybirds. 23. Forme. 24. See 14. 28. Long Parliament. 29. See 12. 30. Sayers.

DOWN.—1. Tacit. 3. Andy. 4. Specimen. 5. Weight. 6. Bran. 7. Romeo and Juliet. 8. Fingers and toes. 10. Pantry. 14 and 24 (across) Horseplay. 15. Spain. 16. Towels. 18. Formally. 21. Morass. 25. Yetts. 26. Ugly. 27. Fair.

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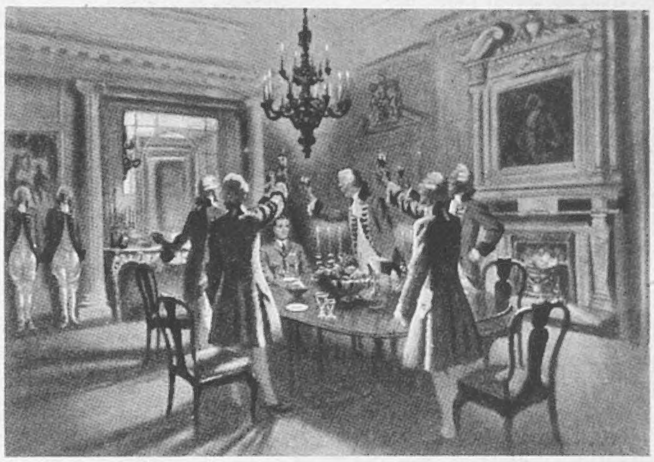

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By D. L. MAYS

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ENJOYABLE READING FOR DULL DAYS

"Genghis Khan, the Greatest of Rulers"

Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

Temujin, together with his brother, Kassar, had disappeared. A track in the snow was perceived and followed by the marauders, who were confident that they would soon effect the capture of their quarry, for only the possession of fresh horses would have enabled the boys to make good their escape.

For several days, however, the pursuers were baffled; but then hunger forced Temujin to make a desperate effort to break through the lines of the enemy. Failure of his effort resulted in his capture.

Brought before the chief, he was condemned to await his sentence imprisoned in a "kang," a kind of wooden yoke which encompassed his neck and shoulders and gripped his wrists.

When darkness fell Temujin was left in a tent with one guard, and the resourceful boy decided to chance his luck rather than wait to be slaughtered like a sheep. With a sudden turn of his body he struck the guard a heavy blow on the head with the very instrument in which he himself was imprisoned. He then made for the open country. It was not easy under such conditions, hampered by the weight of the "kang," to outdistance the pursuers who were on his heels. Finding himself surrounded, he plunged into the icy water of a river. Despite the impossibility of keeping his head below water, he succeeded in escaping notice by all save one . . .

"The Quest of the Golden Fleece"

By W. E. Johns

She sighed. "I could be very, very happy—with you."

"In what part of Normandy do you live?" he inquired.

She hesitated for a moment, her eyes on his face. "Le Chateau Tourette—you know it perhaps?"

"Rather. It's quite a landmark."

"It belongs to my father."

"Really?"

"Yes, poor old man. I wonder what he's thinking now."

"I wonder," murmured Cedric.

She sighed. "If only I could see him again."

"Not much chance of that just yet, I'm afraid."

"You couldn't think of any way I could get a message to him?"

Cedric thought for a little while. "No, darling, I'm afraid I couldn't."

"I have thought about it so much. I am always thinking of it. I think there is a way, only one way—if I could get a friend to do it for me."

"Do what?"

"No—no. It isn't worth talking about. No one would do it. It's too risky." She nestled a little closer.

Cedric stroked his chin. "What was your idea, mignon?" . . .

Some men risk their life for love but Cedric risked his life to revenge the death of his friend

"Bride of a Lancer"

By Cecilie Leslie

The door opened abruptly, and her father stood before them, his oilskins slung limply over his shoulder, and there were smears of grease on his bald head.

"Where's your mother, Mary?" he asked, and seeing the girls, gave them an apologetic smile.

"She's in her room," said Mary casually. She looked more closely at him. "Why . . . *Father!*"

Mary ran to him, stumbling over the train of her wedding dress. Her hand touched his arm, and she drew it away feeling moisture on her palms. She looked at it bewildered: her hands were spattered with blood.

"It's nothing, nothing at all," he replied, smiling. "We had a go at them at last, the dagont varmints. . . ."

Mary was willing to sacrifice that most dear to a woman—her life's happiness so that she could share the dangers of her country

Also in the FEBRUARY issue:

- "FIXED POST," by Arthur Mills.
- "A SPOT OF LATIN," by A. M. Burrage.
- "THE THINGS WE LIVE FOR," by Negley Farson.
- "WAR'S SPOTLIGHT ON THESE WOMEN," by Ferdinand Tuohy.
- "UNRECORDED HISTORY," by Gordon Beckles
- "SHIP MODELS," by Frank C. Bowen.
- "A DREAM OF MARS," by C. Patrick Thompson.
- BOOKS, reviewed by Noel Thompson.
- "FASHIONS," by Jean Burnup.
- "CASSEROLE COOKERY," by Harriet Muir.
- "TOMORROW'S PROFESSION FOR WOMEN," by Joan Woollcombe.
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